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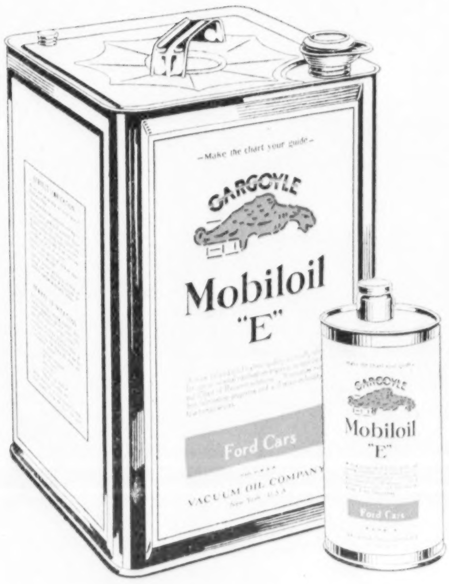

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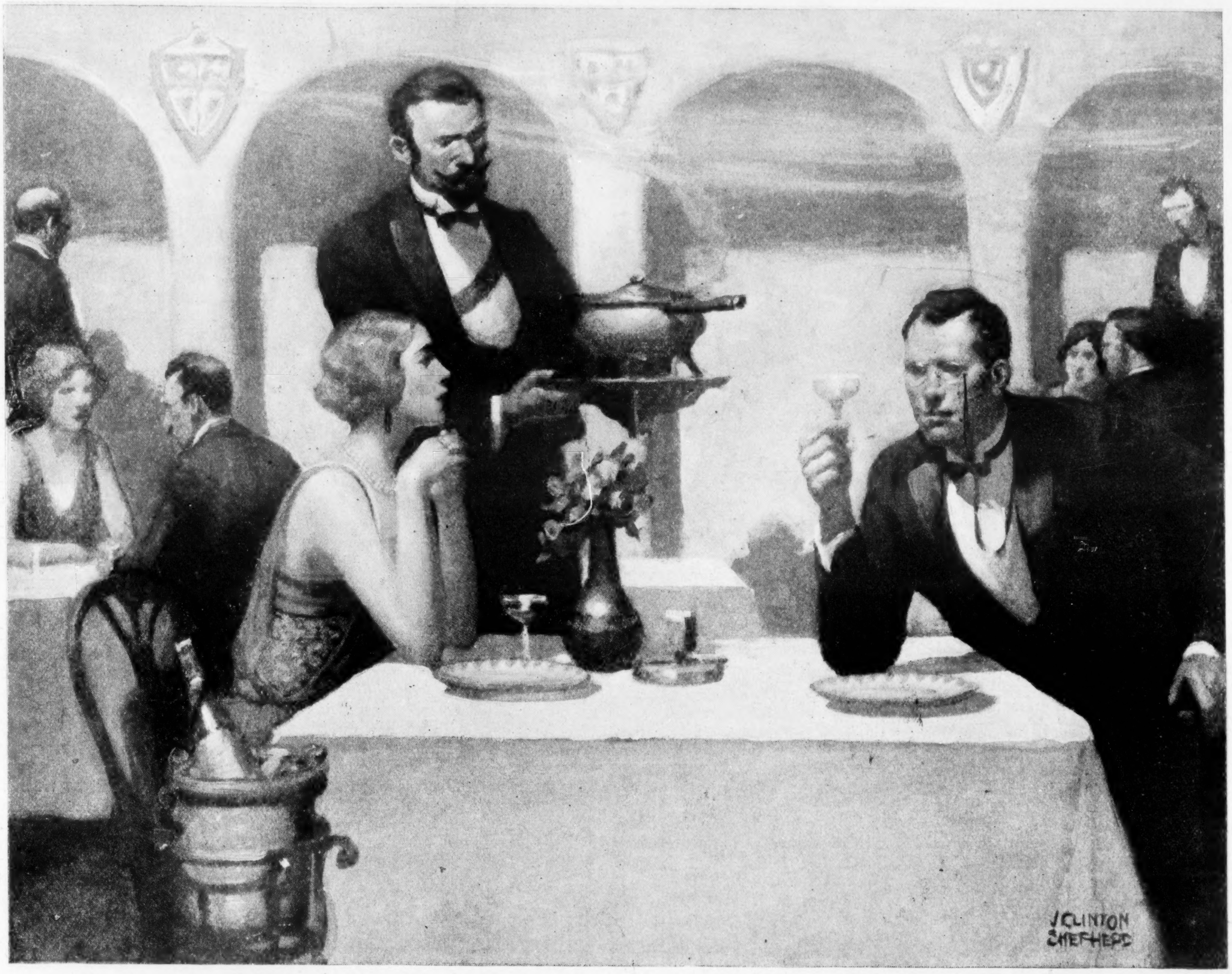


The blonde opposite Mr. Brumbaugh was not his wife. Suffused with a guilty blush, he waved his glass in greeting

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

By Elmer Davis

Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd

Chapter I

MR. HOLLIDAY closed his typewriter with a weary sigh, swung round in his swivel chair, and started out into the falling night. It was dark and damp and dismal, like his own emotions; a raw, chilly evening in February, streaked with spurts of wet snow that swirled and eddied in the dark court outside his office window. Across the court other windows, row on row, faintly reflected the pink-lit night sky of Manhattan, but there was no light in them to keep company with his green-shaded desk lamp. It was past six, and the business world had gone home to dinner.

Wednesday, the day before going to press, was always a hard day in the office of the "Balance," the critical weekly journal of opinion of which Mr. Holliday was associate editor. To be sure, the other days of the week were all easy, but that fact had ceased to register on Mr. Holliday, while the regularly recurrent hardness of Wednesday was always news.

To-day had been harder than usual because Folsom, the editor in chief, had unloaded on Holliday the writing of the editorial on the European situation. Considering that Holliday had already summed up the record of the week in the drama, the Ruhr, the oil investigations, the growth of rural credit unions, and the spread of Bolshevist propaganda in central Asia, he thought it was rather an imposition to have to do the European situation as well. But, after all, Folsom was an old man, and Holliday had been brought to the "Balance" as the young man who would take part of the burden off Folsom's shoulders and fit himself to inherit Folsom's job whenever that eminent man of letters should retire to write his "Recollections of a Busy Life."

That, however, had been seven years ago. Folsom had not retired, having nothing but his reputation to retire on; the years passed and Holliday ceased to be young. He was only thirty-eight; but he knew that, bald and pudgy, he looked a good deal more. Concretely—and most seriously—though he was half a dozen years younger, he looked half a dozen years older, than Mr. Brumbaugh, the earnest young millionaire who paid the deficit of the "Balance."

But he could still write. That thought sustained him as he rose wearily, put on his overcoat and muffler and rubbers, and prepared to go out to dinner. This editorial on the European situation, now, had been a masterpiece. It would make people sit up—

"Oh, Mr. Holliday!"

"Yes, Mr. Folsom."

DUTIFULLY but with sinking heart he crossed the corridor to the room where Folsom, benign and white-bearded, sat reading by the light of a desk lamp.

"Ah—Holliday. This article about the European situation. No doubt it's very brilliant, and all that, but it isn't quite judicial enough."

"But, Mr. Folsom, the 'Balance' has a right to have opinions, hasn't it? Surely we can take a stand."

"Anybody can have opinions," said Folsom. "Anybody can take a stand. Let others be brilliant, if they will—and can—but the "Balance" will live up to its name and hold the balance true."

Mr. Holliday would never have dared to dispute his boss out of mere pride of authorship, but he foresaw that he was going to have to rewrite this article when his stomach cried out for dinner; and hunger made him bold.

"But, sir, do you think that just being balanced gets us anywhere? Aren't we too conservative for radicals and too radical for conservatives? Isn't that why the circulation's going down?"

"We strive to steer a sane middle course," said Folsom. "You young fellows, Holliday, don't seem to realize that there are two sides to every question. We present both to the small intelligent public that wants both. And thanks to Mr. Brumbaugh's generosity, we can go on with the work—"

"So long as we appeal to Mr. Brumbaugh," Holliday supplied, but silently.

"Yes, Holliday," Folsom resumed, "that is our settled principle. Now, Mr. Brumbaugh had called up about the European situation, by the way, before you finished your article. He thinks in treating it we should avoid extremes and shun violence of expression, at the same time sounding the note of authority."

"But I thought," said Holliday, daring greatly, "that Mr. Brumbaugh was only the guarantor of the deficit—that he wasn't supposed to influence the policy of the magazine."

FOLSOM tapped his high-arched, gold-rimmed glasses on the desk and looked away.

"Ah, well, Holliday, these things can't be weighed and measured. Mr. Brumbaugh is a very conscientious man, keenly interested in public affairs; and since his interest in the magazine is so close his views naturally have weight. . . . Now I'm afraid this will have to be rewritten."

Mr. Holliday bowed the acquiescent head.

"No rush," said Folsom charitably. "The printers will have stopped work for the night, and if you slip it into the pneumatic tube when you finish they'll get it first thing in the morning. Nothing to prevent you from going home first to dine with Mrs. Holliday."

"Mrs. Holliday is in Washington at the D. A. R. convention. She won't be home till to-morrow. I think I'll stay, sir, and finish this before dinner."

"And remember," said Folsom anxiously, "avoid extremes."

"Oh, I'll be temperate," Holliday sighed. "It's a curious thing, however," he went on bitterly, "that there's one issue on which the 'Balance' seems to have an extreme and intemperate opinion with the full consent of Mr. Brumbaugh—in fact, by request of Mr. Brumbaugh. I've had to write a dozen editorial paragraphs, lately, boosting his pet charity—the Fund for Relief in Dragovina."

"Ah, well," said Folsom wearily, "it seems to be a worthy cause. Mr. Brumbaugh is well acquainted with some of the exiled nobility of Dragovina—"

"So I gathered," said Holliday. "And propaganda for the relief fund is virtually propaganda for the exiled nobility. We've always been in favor of giving all the new states of Europe a fair chance—all but Dragovina. I've tried to tell that to Mr. Brumbaugh, but of course—"

"Of course," said Folsom with unexpected dryness. "Dragovina can get along, even without the support of the 'Balance'; but the 'Balance' wouldn't last two weeks without the support of Mr. Brumbaugh. And he is a very high-minded man, of course—keenly interested in public affairs at home and abroad— Ah, well, in this world of compromise one must often make adjustments for the sake of the larger good. . . . I'm going uptown, Holliday, to dine at the Athenæum, and then over to the Bar Association to do some reading. Call me there if anything comes up." He looked wearily about his desk. "Dear, dear, so many manuscripts—Here's something that looks urgent—registered and special delivery and all—"

He slit open the long envelope. A thick roll of closely typed paper tumbled out.

"I'll glance at this on the subway," Folsom decided. "Good luck, Holliday. I trust nothing untoward will occur. And remember—shun violence of expression and avoid extremes, at the same time sounding the note of authority."

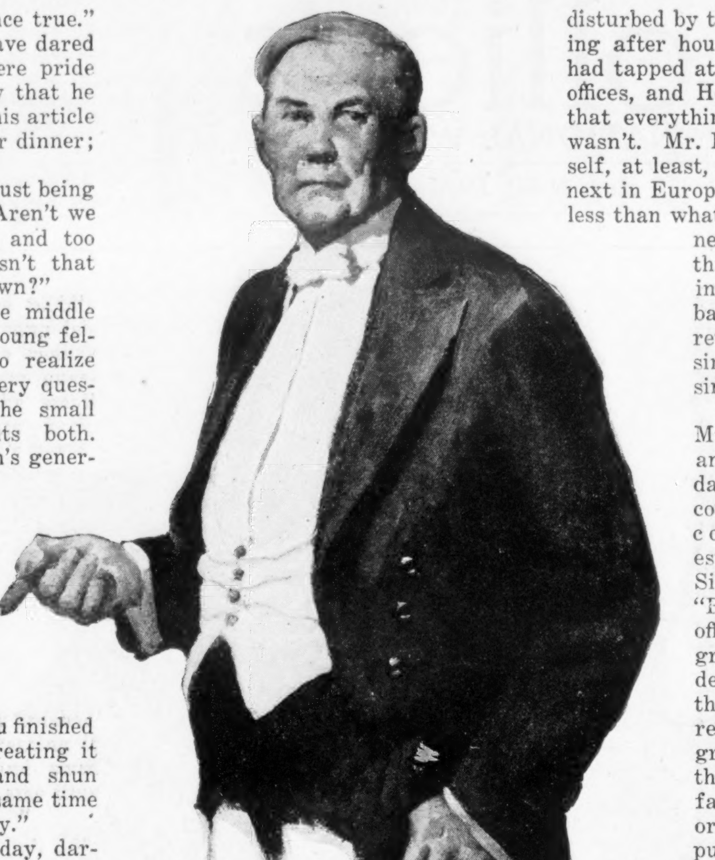
Sulkily Mr. Holliday went back to his office, reopened his typewriter, and rattled off the heading:

What Next in Europe?
By Asaph Holliday

AN HOUR later he was still hunched disconsolately over his typewriter, staring at a blank sheet of paper. It was the sixth or seventh sheet, representing as many false starts, yet he had got no farther than "What Next in Europe?" and had found it simply impossible to sound the note of authority.

He didn't know what next in Europe; he was beginning to suspect he had never known it. Yet since he had to make his living by writing about it, he must stay here and finish his editorial before he went to dinner, spurred by the pricking fear of the desk man who knew how well the office could get on without him. Sheehan the watchman, disturbed by the sound of anyone working after hours in this quiet building, had tapped at the the outer door of the offices, and Holliday had called to him that everything was all right. But it wasn't. Mr. Holliday felt that he himself, at least, was all wrong, and what next in Europe worried him a good deal less than what next in the office. What next for Holliday, if anything? Would he go on doing the slave labor for Brumbaugh, if Folsom ever did retire, or would Brumbaugh simply let the "Balance" sink?

Pondering these questions, Mr. Holliday swung about and stared at the blank, dark windows across the court. Behind them lay a corner of the great establishment of Firdausi Silks, in whose building the "Balance" rented its modest office. For seven years of gradual drying up at his desk he had looked into those windows, watching reverential clerks unfold great bolts of silk before the eyes of buyers—rich fabrics of splendid colors, orange and cerise and purple. Mr. Holliday's soul had once been orange and cerise and purple, or at any rate had looked so to him. Now it was as blank and dark as the windows behind whose drawn shades the bolts of silk lay hidden from sight. Alice would have testified to that. . . .



"I am not seeking office," said the Hon. Stephen. "If the nomination is forced on me, I don't say I'll turn it down"

MR. HOLLIDAY had known for some years that he bored his wife and had come to accept it as an unpleasant but unalterable fact, like the loss of his hair. They were still a model couple; he deferred to her taste in selecting haberdashery, and she to his in voting for aldermen and assemblymen; their Sunday evenings at home brought together what Alice liked to call a cultured society.

Even when they went out they always seemed to fall into a cultured society highly satisfactory to Alice, who was seriously inclined and would have believed all she read in the "Balance" if she hadn't known that her husband wrote it. But Mr. Holliday was now contemplating the fact that their cultured society bored him as much as he bored Alice.

The discovery had come to him this afternoon, when in looking up a quotation in Whitman he had come on two lines that had stayed with him ever since:

O something pernicious and dread!
Something far away from a puny and
    pious life!

That was what he hankered after—but too late. Asaph Holliday, associate editor of the "Balance," had no business thinking such thoughts. Folsom would never countenance anything pernicious and dread; Brumbaugh would never put up his money for something far away from a puny and pious life. (So thought Holliday, not being well acquainted with Brumbaugh.) And he would never dare to think about it at all, if Alice were at home.

But Alice wasn't coming back from Washington till to-morrow. She had had a great time at the D. A. R. convention, even serving on a committee with Mrs. Brumbaugh. Hitherto the Hollidays had met Mrs. Brumbaugh only at the annual dinners which she gave to the staff of the "Balance." But now Alice had been associating with Mrs. Brumbaugh as an equal while her husband had been getting his own breakfasts and dining at the Nonpartisan Club with men as dull as himself, and cursing himself for not having the energy to go out and hunt amusement while he had the chance. But he was out of the habit of amusement, as much a creature of routine as a horse on a milk route. It was too late for anything pernicious and dread.

AT THIS point his musings were interrupted by a faint sputtering buzz in the outer office.

Mr. Holliday shivered. There was a crime wave—he had written editorials denouncing the police for permitting it. Still, he would have given a good deal for the company of a policeman just now; with all their faults, crimes weren't waved in their faces. But in a moment he recognized the sound—only the purr of the telephone at the office switchboard. Somebody was trying to call him up—probably Folsom. And hoping that Folsom might have some thoughts about what next in Europe, he switched on the light, connected the phone, and made his "Hello" as cheerful as he could. Over the wire came a resonant chuckling answer:

"Well, old Ace Holliday! I'd know your voice anywhere."

Mr. Holliday began to tremble. He hadn't been called Ace in fifteen years.

"Who is it?" he asked shakily.

"None other than Winthrop Rixey," said the jovial voice. "Been trying to get your apartment for an hour; then it occurred to me you might have an attack of overwork."

Winthrop Rixey. They had been roommates at Columbia, fifteen years ago; and they hadn't seen each other since.

"What are you doing in town?" Holliday asked.

"Oh, I get on here every few years—you were always away, before this time. Had to come on from Utah for a conference with the finance men of our mining syndicate. Got in this morning, cleaned up my business this afternoon, and could have got out tonight. But I said no, I'll dig up old Ace and we'll go out and tear things open. Come on up—I'm at the Astor."

Mr. Holliday shivered. It had been a long time since he had torn anything open.

"I have some work to do," he began feebly, then remembered the injunctions of hospitality. "But I can finish it after dinner. I'll pick you up and we'll go out and dine at my club. The Nonpartisan Club."

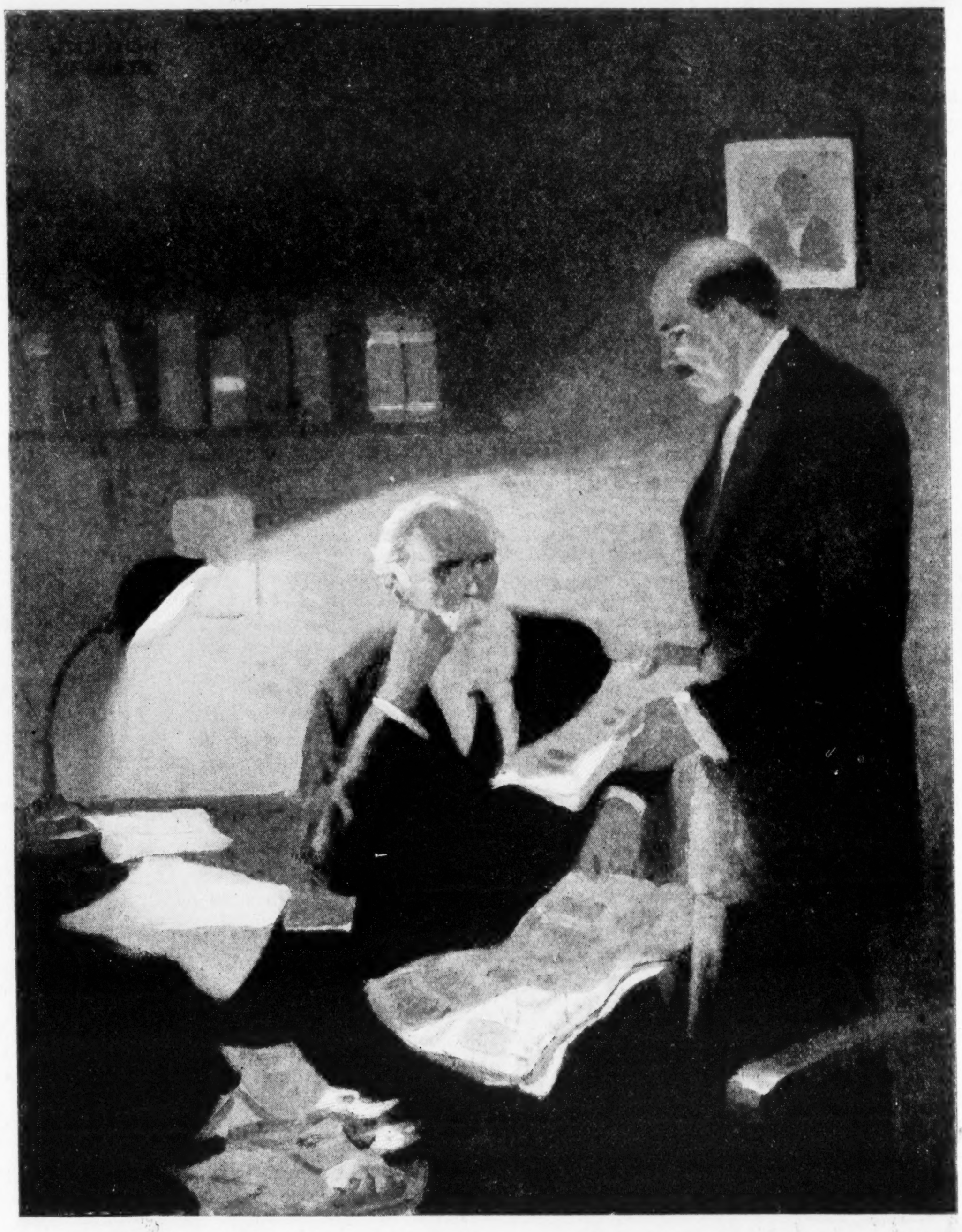
"Not the Nonpartisan Club," said Rixey firmly. "I know it—know the bunch. Their idea of a pleasant evening is to settle down in an armchair and read the city charter, or maybe get the President's message by radio. I've been tearing the insides out of a Utah mountain for three years, and I'll be hanged if I'll spend my one evening in New York at the Nonpartisan Club. How come you belong to it, Ace? It isn't like you."

Well, it wasn't like the old original Ace Holliday. What survived of that Holliday would have liked to propose something pernicious and dread. But Asaph Holliday of the "Balance" didn't know what pernicious and dread things were being done, after all these years. He didn't even know where to take Rixey for dinner. He and Alice rarely dined out, and when they did they went to a dully respectable place she liked—the Old Wistaria Tea Room.

"We'll talk it over," he evaded. "I'll come right up."

But he put on his overcoat and rubbers with a sinking heart. There might be more humiliation than pleasure in this reunion, for Rixey obviously expected to find the same old Ace Holliday—who had been known around the Columbia campus as a person pernicious and dread.

Gloomily he went out and rang for the elevator. There was little night life in the Firdausi Building, and less night service. Sheehan, the watchman, sat in the ground-floor lobby and kept a register of incoming visitors that didn't have a dozen names a month. When anyone did come Sheehan worked the elevator if he were within earshot of the bell. If he happened to be on his hourly round, the passenger had to wait.



"Ah—Holliday," the old man began, "that article isn't quite judicial enough"

But to-night Sheehan was in the lobby, and promptly brought his car up to Holliday, waiting on the third floor.

"So you had your suspicions of me, eh, Sheehan?"

"How's that, sir?"

"When you knocked at my door a while ago and wanted to know how late I'd be working."

"I never knocked at no door," Sheehan declared. "First time I been on this floor to-night."

"Somebody knocked," Holliday persisted—"Somebody who said he was you."

"Well, he wasn't me. Looks as if I better see about this. Might be something wrong. Much money in your safe, Mr. Holliday?"

"Hah?" Holliday laughed. "In our safe? You don't know us, Sheehan. There's nothing in our safe that anybody would want."

"Well, you never can tell. I'll just have a look around, anyway. Good night, sir."

"Oh, I'll be back later," said Holliday, and started up-town to expose his puny and pious life to Winthrop Rixey.

AS FOLSOM passed through the reading room of the Athenæum Club he observed in a corner the Hon. Stephen Prime, and wondered vaguely how he had ever got into the Athenæum. However, there he was, a member in good standing. Nobody knew quite how the Hon. Stephen got anywhere, but there he always was. His career as a broker had made much noise and some stench, but the Hon. Stephen had come out on top. As special deputy police commissioner, one of that group of very rich men whom a prudent commissioner had attached to the department, he stood high in favor with the city administration; he was even being talked of for the governorship. People who had laughed at the rumor, at first—Folsom among them, laughed no longer. It was an age when anybody might be elected to anything. The Hon. Stephen had climbed from nobody knew where, but he had climbed high. As he sat comfortably eased down in one of the Athenæum's luxurious armchairs, reading an English sporting weekly, he looked the perfection of the contented, self-made man. His smooth face, white and glossy as the front of his dress shirt, continued in a smooth, gleaming oblong clear over the back of his head. A complacent face, thought Folsom; the man flourished like a green bay tree.

Then Folsom turned aside to speak to another club member, and the Hon. Stephen began unobtrusively to look over his magazine instead of at it.

There was nothing in the colloquy that might reasonably have aroused curiosity. The benign face and absent eye of Frederick Folsom, Litt. D., LL. D., were known to the Hon. Stephen as well as to every student of what used to pass for American letters. And he knew too the thin, earnest face of the young man in evening dress, with rimless nose glasses, who was talking to him—the heir to sixty million hard-earned dollars which he distributed lavishly for Y. M. C. A. drives, relief funds, and all other good causes—Ashton W. Brumbaugh. Everybody knew that Brumbaugh was the man behind the "Balance;" there was nothing out of the ordinary in an editor and his financial backer talking things over in a club to which both belonged. Yet the Hon. Stephen would have given a million dollars to know what they were saying.

It wouldn't have been worth it, however. Brumbaugh began with a respectful "Good evening, Mr. Folsom. Dining here?"

"I've dined already. I have to do some reading in the Bar Association library before I go home."

"It's a long trip out to Staten Island," said Brumbaugh. "I should think you'd move into town."

"Ah, in forty years one gets used to the country air. Besides, I'll need quiet when I come to compose my recollections of a busy life."

"I hope that time is far distant, Mr. Folsom." It never occurred to Brumbaugh that Folsom didn't retire because he couldn't afford it; and Folsom had so long been distinguished and poor that for thirty years it hadn't occurred to him either. "Everything going well at the office?"

"Oh, quite as usual," said Folsom. "I left Mr. Holliday wrestling with the article on the European situation."

Brumbaugh's earnest eyes seemed to come a trifle closer together.

"I hope you gave him my message," he observed. "Holliday's very conscientious, of course, but he lacks the note of authority. We need that. . . . Anything new?"

Folsom came back with a start from his musings in the heroic past, the golden prime of Howells and Aldrich and Mark Twain—and Folsom.

"How's that? Anything new? Dear me! There was something I meant to bring to your attention—something quite important. I was reading about it on the subway, but now it's slipped my mind. Dear, dear! How annoying! Well, when I happen to think of it I'll call you up. Here, or at the house?"

Brumbaugh's thin face became faintly pink.

"I—I'm dining out," he said with curious embarrassment. "Let it go till to-morrow. I presume it will keep."

"Oh, yes. It will keep."

SLOWLY and none too steadily Folsom moved toward the stairs. He showed his age, thought the Hon. Stephen Prime, yet his tall figure kept some of the straightness and dignity that belonged to Folsom's reputation as well. He would die poor, but by his own choice. He had no gift for making money, but he had passed up some wonderful chances to get his percentage.

So mused the Hon. Stephen as he sauntered across the room to the table where Brumbaugh was frowning critically at a copy of the "Balance."

"Hello, Brumbaugh. How's everything?"

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Prime."

"You're making the 'Balance' very interesting. I read it regularly."

Brumbaugh emitted a thin laugh. "You're one of a very small company, I'm afraid, Mr. Prime. Small but select."

"Not doing well?" Prime inquired solicitously. "That's too bad. I thought the 'Balance' had turned the corner. It deserves to."

"Unfortunately not. You've heard the saying, Mr. Prime"—Brumbaugh set himself to spring it—"it's not the initial cost, it's the upkeep."

"Ha, ha," laughed the Hon. Stephen dutifully. "But that's too bad, Brumbaugh. I don't suppose you feel like selling it, do you?"

"Selling it, Mr. Prime?" Brumbaugh's horrified surprise was as if he had been asked to sell Mrs. Brumbaugh. "Oh, certainly not. Besides, I don't own it; I'm only the guarantor."

"Technically, yes," the Hon. Stephen conceded, "but we all know that it really belongs to you. You're too modest, Brumbaugh. People don't realize what a force for good you are."

"We are told," said Brumbaugh gravely, "not to do our good deeds to be seen of men."

Considering that Brumbaugh's gift topped the list of every charity drive that made the front page, the Hon. Stephen thought Brumbaugh must be pretty dense. So much the better.

"We are also told," he said solemnly, "not to hide our light under a bushel. I can see your personal touch in the 'Balance.'"

Brumbaugh's delight couldn't be concealed. "Oh, have you noticed, really? I've been giving more attention to it of late, but the circulation is still the same—not exactly the same, that is, but no larger—"

"Brumbaugh, you have the talents of a great editor, but you have so many interests that you can't give the 'Balance' the time it needs. That's why I thought you might be willing to part with it."

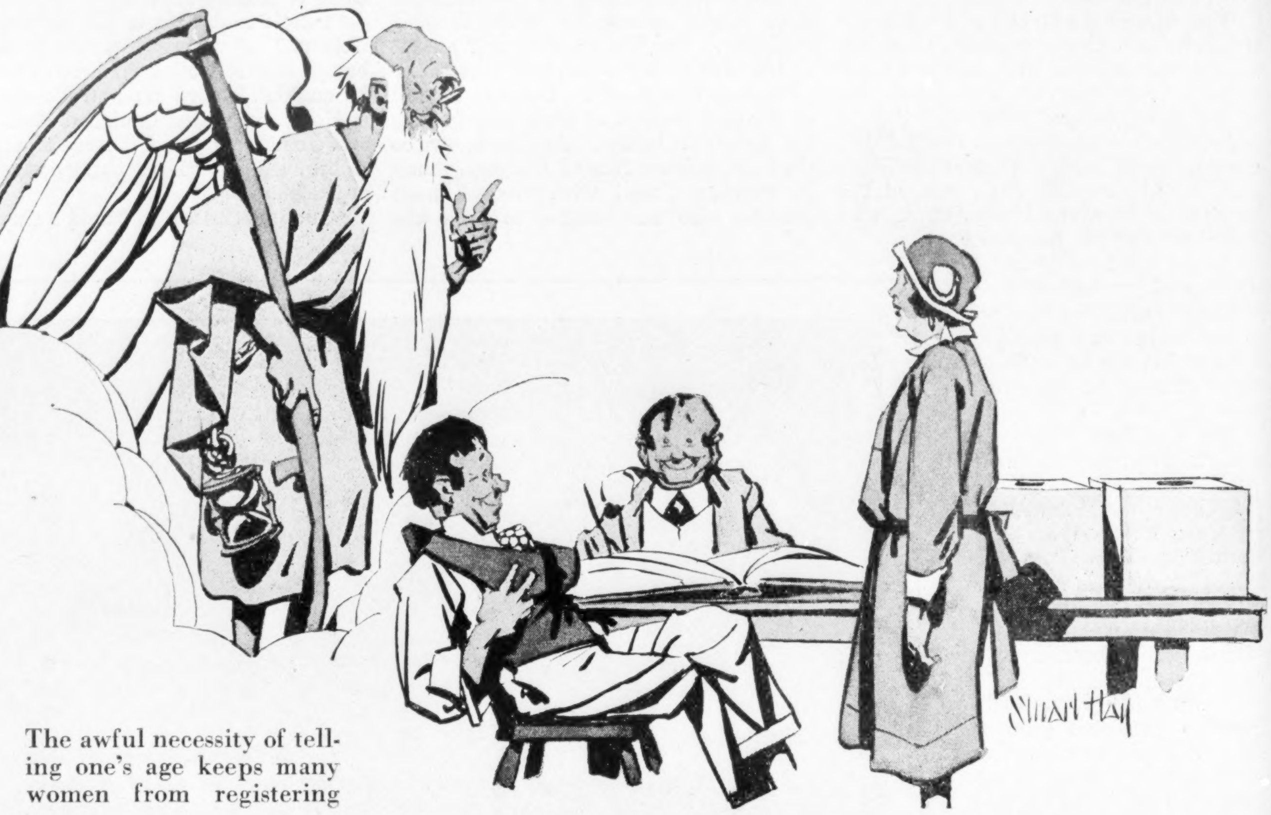
"Mr. Prime, just why do you want the 'Balance'?" (*Continued on page 29*)

Why Don't They Vote?

By Boyden Sparkes

Illustrated by Stuart Hay

Women shy at revealing their ages; men can't spare the time; sensitive souls regard voting as vulgar. More than half of our adults failed to vote at the last Presidential election. Many societies and individuals, interested, like Collier's, in arousing "a more general interest in public affairs," want to make 1924 The Year of the Big Vote. Let's do it. Why not have majority rule in this country?



The awful necessity of telling one's age keeps many women from registering

"WHY don't people vote?" I put the question recently to Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee in the campaign that made Warren Harding President. We were having a hard time talking as we walked, because a parade was passing up Fifth Avenue and the sidewalks were clogged with spectators.

"Why don't they vote!" he exclaimed and brought me to a halt by clutching my arm. "They don't vote because they don't know that their failure to vote is the greatest danger our country faces."

His voice was raised to such a pitch that some of those nearest turned to see what was disturbing the small, vehement, dark-eyed man who was addressing me with such emphasis.

He started again: "You remember we undertook at the start of the 1920 campaign to decentralize contributions to the Republican National Committee. We made up a list of those men and women in New York State who were best able to pay the maximum amount under our plan, $1,000.

"They were supposed to be the best type of American citizen, successful in their own fields. But when we compared this list with the books we discovered that 5,000 of them had never registered. They were too busy, it seemed, to perform that duty upon which their prosperity depended.

"That, I tell you, is a tragic situation."

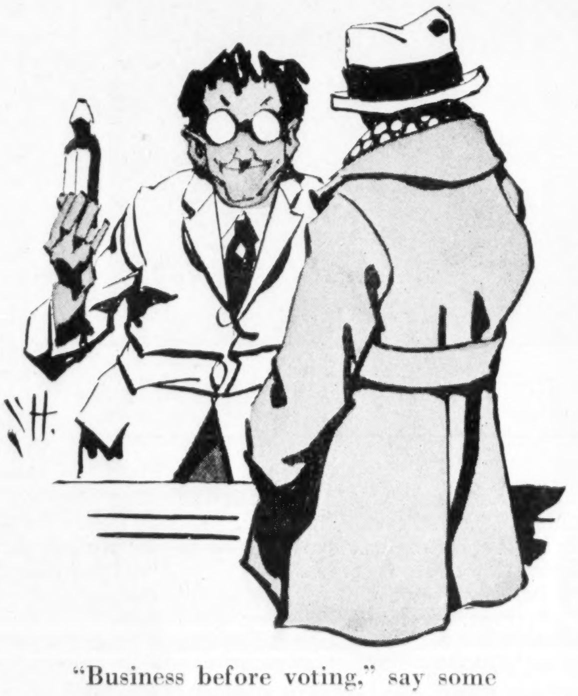
In the 1920 Presidential election there were 26,786,758 votes counted for all nominated candidates, but, according to the census figures, there must have been just 27,635,074 adult American citizens who failed to go on record on Election Day.

It is the opinion of Will Hays that indifference is the chief cause of nonvoting, and he believes that the indifference is merely a failure to realize what is involved by neglect. But there are many other factors.

I asked Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska why, in his opinion, so many people did not vote. This was in the corridor leading from the Senate chamber. "The people are disgusted," replied Senator Norris. "But I don't know that you'd help matters if you arranged to have all of them vote. If a man hasn't sense enough to inform himself—" He broke off with an impatient shrug of his shoulders.

Senator Oscar Underwood of Alabama came along. "Why don't they vote?" he repeated. "Well, I find that when they are interested they vote, and when they are not, they don't."

They were not very deeply interested in Alabama in 1920, I imagine, if that is true. Certainly they did not vote.



"Business before voting," say some

Out of an adult population of 1,135,529 only 241,070 Alabamans, men and women, went to the polls. Alabama traditionally is overwhelmingly Democratic, which made the result of the contest there certain. This condition tends to increase nonvoting in both Republican and Democratic states, and is reflected in Pennsylvania, where the Republican party is almost as strong as the Democratic party is in Alabama. But, proportionately, Alabama's nonvoting is twice as bad as that of Pennsylvania. A partial explanation is that Alabama's many negroes are compelled to stay away from the polls. But if all the potential Republicans in Alabama and all the potential Democrats in Pennsylvania were to vote unexpectedly this coming November Pennsylvania *might* add her electoral votes to those of the solid South, and Alabama might make the South no longer solid.

Of the millions who did not vote in 1920 some failed for reasons beyond their control. These would include about 150,000 in prisons, jails, workhouses, and chain gangs, and about 200,000 adults confined in institutions for the feeble-minded and the insane. Some 85,000 paupers in almshouses probably should be listed here, although a few states permit them to vote.

In his book "Political Parties and Electoral Problems" (Harper & Brothers), Dr. Robert C. Brooks, professor of political science at Swarthmore College, says that the suffrage requirements in the southern states disqualify about 3,850,000 negroes, and that educational requirements in certain northern states disfranchise an additional 250,000 adults. He also believes that poll-tax requirements may account for 200,000 others, and estimates that in a population as mobile as that of the United States about 500,000 persons lost their votes through inability to meet residence requirements. Deducting these, he fixed the probable number of those capable of qualifying for suffrage in 1920 as close to 49,000,000.

This still leaves about 22,000,000 nonvoters to be accounted for. Dr. Brooks further reduces this number after pointing out that women had been enfranchised throughout the greater part of the country less than ten weeks before election day, 1920. In Georgia and Mississippi, which require registration six and four months before election, the women therefore were not permitted to vote. Dr. Brooks calculates that 6,000,000 possible women's votes were lost because of these factors.

He eliminated about 2,200,000 qualified voters who were over 70 years of age; 450,000 between 21 and 70 as representing the number too ill to go to the polls; 450,000 as representing those who were absent from home on Election Day. Then he struck a rough total of 9,000,000 and found he had left 13,000,000 nonvoters to be explained. This group of more than 26 per cent out of the 49,000,000 he estimated to be qualified in that year, he said might be accounted for partly by intimidation and unforeseen circumstances, and "to a much greater degree by neglect and indifference." Thirteen million, then, without excuse or else without backbone.

Happily for this discussion, the microscope of political science has been focused on this nonvoting situation in the very heart of the country, in Chicago, where a careful spot study has been made of nonvoting.

Chicago Gives Us the Truth

THIS inquiry was made under the auspices of the Local Community Research Committee of the University of Chicago, and the men who directed it have put their findings into a book that is being printed by the University of Chicago Press as this is being written. The book is "Nonvoting; Causes and Methods of Control." The authors are Charles Edward Merriam, professor of political science at the University of Chicago, and Harold Foote Gosnell, an instructor in his department. Six thousand persons who failed to vote in the Chicago mayoralty election of 1922 were interviewed in the course of the work, which began in the spring of 1923 and was finished in June, 1924.

And what do you suppose was one of the cogent reasons uncovered by the investigation as a cause of nonvoting? Fear of disclosure of age! Three tenths of one per cent of the nonvoting, analyzed on the basis of replies given by nonvoters to questionnaires, gave fear of disclosure of age as the reason for non-participation in government. How many more would have given this reason if they were quite honest with themselves?

The funny part of it is that if the voters—and the election boards—only knew it, the confession of age is not always necessary. In New York City it is enough to say "I'm over 21;" in New York State outside the city "over 30;" in Illinois now "legal age."

The gossiping hussy cuts down the voting totals

"The analysis of the entire number of adult citizens studied who did not vote in the election of April 3, 1923," say Professor Merriam and Mr. Gosnell in their book, "shows that two factors of sex and registration status were very closely related to the condition under discussion. There were twice as many female nonvoters as there were male nonvoters, and there were three times as many adult citizens who could not vote because they had failed to register as there were registered voters who had failed to vote in the particular election. An examination of the election records brought to light the fact that the local election did not have sufficient dramatic interest to attract the same ratio of eligible electors that took part in the preceding Presidential election."

General indifference and inertia accounted for over two fifths of all the cases of nonvoting considered in the Chicago study, but Professor Merriam and Mr. Gosnell are agreed that this is not a satisfactory explanation. Before voting can be stimulated to a point where we have majority rule in this country we shall have to have a much better explanation.

Illness and absence covered one quarter of the cases considered in Chicago; legal and administrative obstacles accounted for one eighth of the nonvoting, and after adding to this the two fifths whose indifference or inertia kept them from the polls, the remainder, the Chicago study showed, could safely be attributed to a disbelief in women's voting and disgust with politics.

Others Who Failed to Vote

ONE third of the males, as compared with one half of the women, abstained from voting because they were not interested.

Illness and absence from the city were three times as important among the registered adults who did not vote as among those who were not registered. It was this class chiefly that confessed to inertia or general indifference to the things the election represented to them.

It was found that many elderly men and women were kept at home on Election Day by illness. Young women were kept at home by obligations to their children. Absence from the city on Election Day was most common, among the registered, native white, middle-aged, well-to-do business men. Inconvenient hours of voting resulting in congestion at the polls kept away the young workmen living in congested and rapidly expanding sections of the city. Many women refused to exercise their franchise where to do so meant that they had to enter polling booths in undesirable places. There were women who would not register because they felt that their age was not the business of some gossiping hussy who they just knew would tell everybody in the neighborhood.

After all, why compel sensitive folks to humiliate themselves by gratifying the curiosity of a few election officials?

The Chicago study also disclosed the presence in the city of many thousands of women who are bitterly anti-suffragist, women who honestly believe that members of their sex are ruining the world by meddling in politics.

But the most discouraging revelation was the large amount of disgust with politics that was found to exist. Poor people expressed the view that the government was taking away all the liberties of the poor and benefiting only the rich; some insisted that one vote counted for nothing; others that the candidates were equally bad; yet others that the ballot box was corrupted and the whole election system a fraud.

Tabulations are of assistance in such studies, but human values are more easily understood. One Chicago precinct committeeman was especially helpful in this regard, to Professor Merriam and Mr. Gosnell. He explained some individual cases of nonvoting.

A few women in his precinct refrained from voting, he found, in deference to prejudices of their men folks.

One man was holding aloof from registration because he disapproved his wife's action in registering and voting.

Three socialists realized the hopelessness of their cause where they voted.

Many who did not register were of German blood. Some of these were described as being resentful of America's participation in the World War.

Some taxpayers were despairing of any cohesive power in the well-meaning majority and had committed themselves to the idea of "what's the use?"

One unmarried woman, employed and assisting her parents to pay taxes on their home, had discovered they were paying twice as much as the average property contiguous. For this reason she was refusing to participate in a government so inequitable.

Four Republican women refrained from registering because of good will toward the Democratic precinct committeeman. If he had asked them, they would have voted his preferences. He did not presume to do this, so they did not attempt to vote.

No Job, No Vote

ONE woman he described as contemptuous toward the world and most happy when she felt herself to be envied. She did not register and kept her sister from registering by way of expressing her social intolerance.

There were two women who did not register because they were separated from their husbands and desired to live as inconspicuously as possible.

One woman came to keep house for her son and his children after the desertion of the daughter-in-law. She had not registered for fear she might be instrumental in calling attention to the absence of the errant wife.

There were many other reasons equally obscure, and from other committeemen the survey was enriched by scraps of information such as these:

Two voters, small tradesmen, put off voting until they could wait on customers for a few minutes. When they were ready the polls had closed.

An ex-lieutenant in the A. E. F., a stanch Republican, did not vote because of his resentment against the "federal crowd."

One woman voted only when her son urged her to do so. He did not vote on this occasion as he was hiding from the police and therefore she did not.

One young man did not vote because the police were anxious to question him about a stolen automobile.

One woman did not vote because neither party would take either herself or her daughter as paid workers on the canvasses or at the polls.

A man, Republican, finding his son, daughter-in-law, daughter, son-in-law, and wife, all Republicans, were determined to vote for the Democratic candidate, decided not to vote at all.

Thinking about all this has brought to mind a speech I heard on October 18, 1920. It was at Marion, Ohio, and Will Hays had arranged for a gathering of new voters at the front porch. The 30,000 pilgrims who came there that day were women, newly enfranchised by the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution—young men just attaining their majority, and recently naturalized citizens.

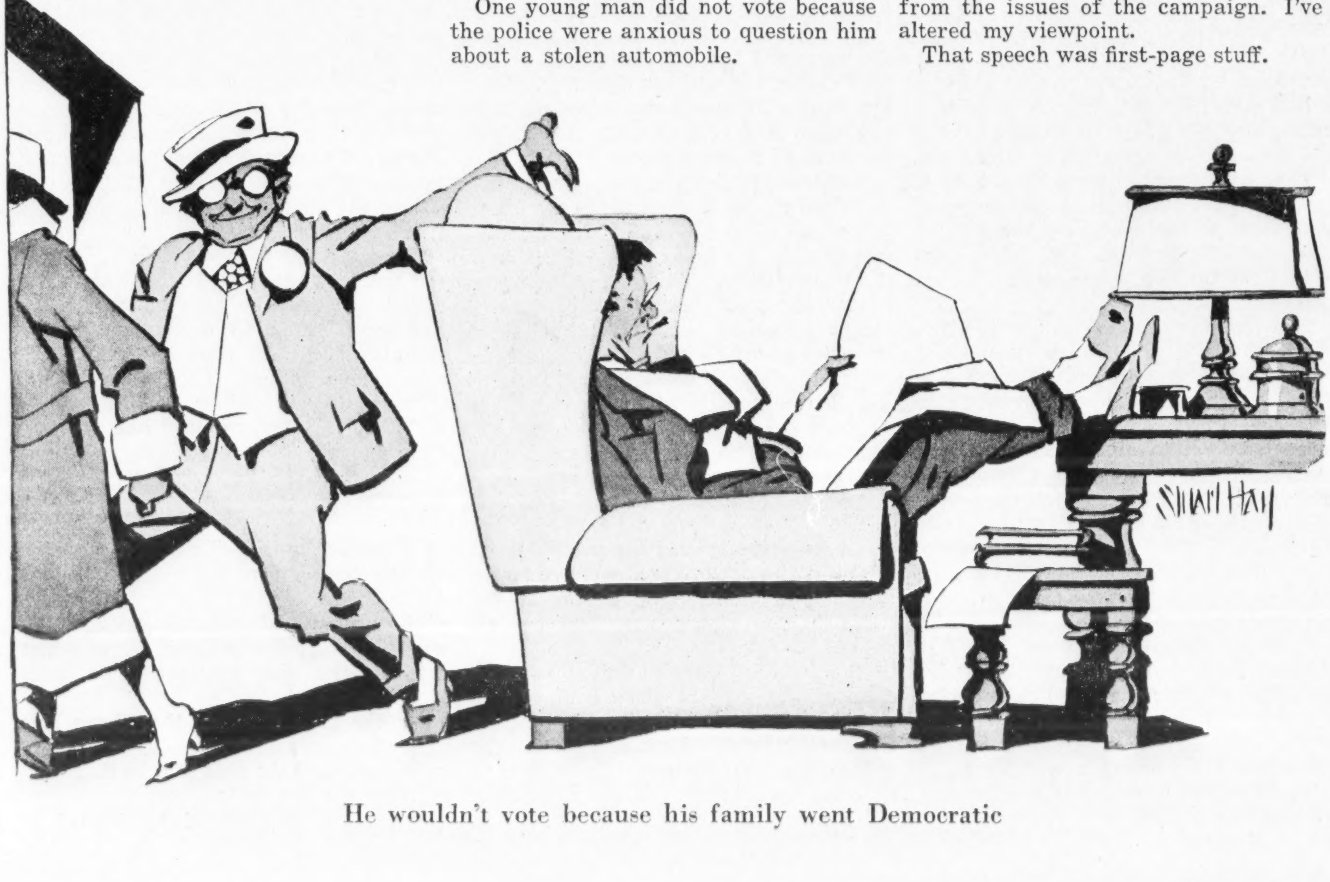
Thirty thousand persons swarming into a quiet residential street in a different matter from an even larger crowd in a baseball park. It seemed as if the homes of the Hardings and their neighbors were afloat upon a lake of humanity. Heads were massed together until it was as useless to look for individuality there as in shad roe. Boys had shinned up into the trees and hung there, partly ripe fruit; every university and college in Ohio had sent delegations. Their cheer leaders and glee clubs transformed the roof of the porch into their platform. There were naturalized citizens of every possible alien source. Where all the women could have come from I don't pretend to know. I do remember that a score of them fainted in the crush and were laid out in gasping rows in the back yard, a distressing problem for Mrs. Harding.

Then the candidate began to speak. Nobody could watch Warren Harding and not be persuaded of his sincerity.

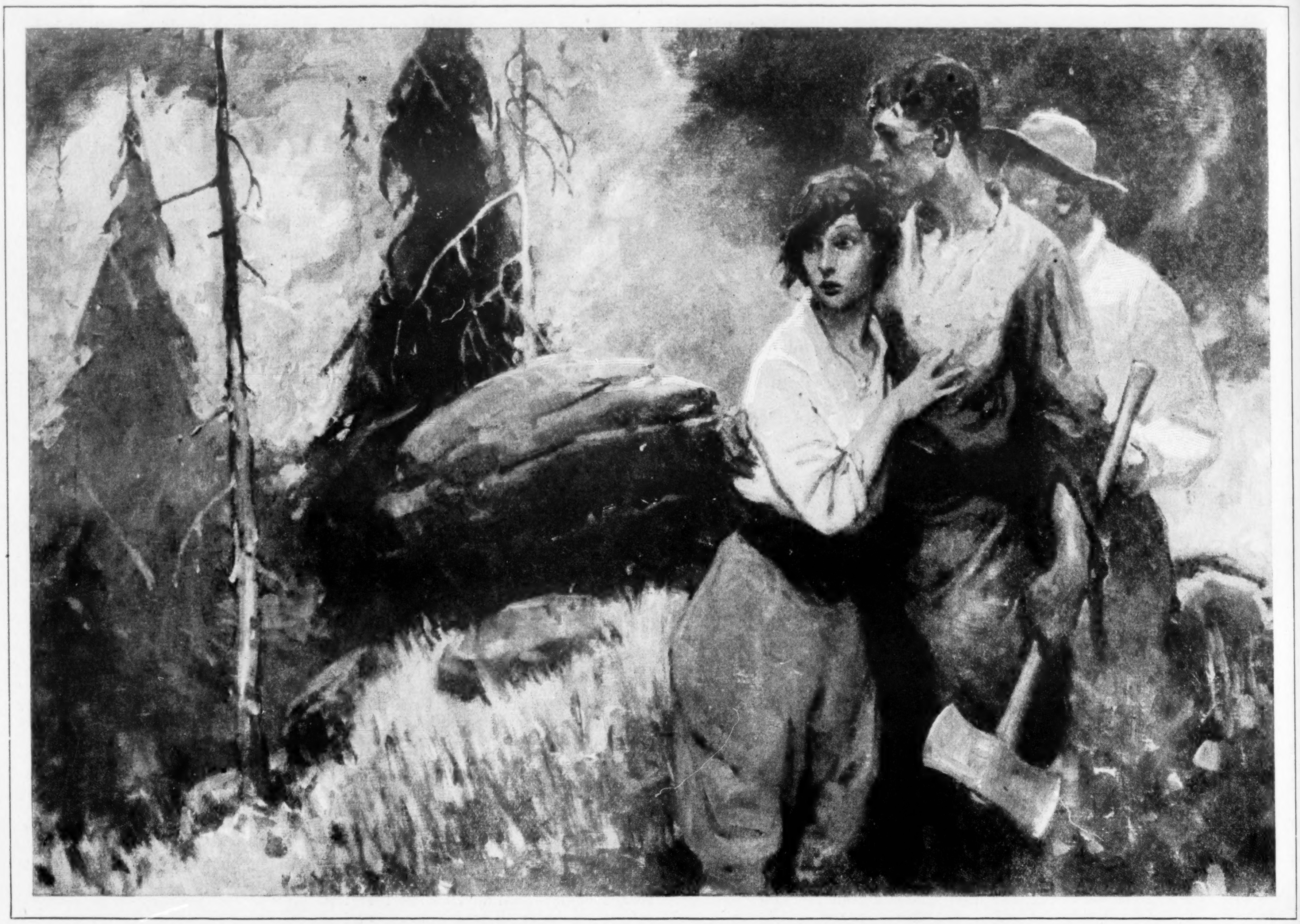
That day he said: "Any good American will say, as I say now, that the man or woman who fails to vote at all, who casts aside his or her right and obligation, whether willfully or carelessly, has done injury to his or her country and to his or her countrymen. Such a person has done something to lower the esteem of the franchise of American democracy and to injure the ideals of our country. To that extent such a man or woman has been disloyal to America."

I remember now that we correspondents were somewhat annoyed that day because of the quality of the candidate's speech. It seemed to be too far removed from the issues of the campaign. I've altered my viewpoint.

That speech was first-page stuff.



He wouldn't vote because his family went Democratic



On a mile-wide spreading front it raced toward them. Watching, they were silent except that the girl in Lang's arms sobbed

Slow Fire

By Charles Alexander

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

THOMAS TABARD walked four blocks from his brown-and-white bungalow to his office on the one business street. It was not yet seven o'clock, but already the gum pavement was soft, warm, and glaring. A ball of yellow fire, the sun stood in a brassy sky well above the snow peaks of the Cascade Mountains in the east.

Thomas Tabard climbed the steps of the Federal Building, a white stone monument to the efforts of the district congressman, entered the lobby and passed on up the spiral stairs to his headquarters.

The assistant supervisor would not be down until eight. Tabard walked, as though he saw nothing, through the four rooms, opening doors, throwing up windows. At an east window he paused, but it was not to give the challenging sun on the mountains the compliment of a glance. Last night five little snow-white thunder clouds had trailed above the peaks. This morning they were gone. The heat had settled again. In the mountains during the night an electric storm had struck.

Looking across town from the east window, Tabard saw a house that stood out on an overbearing knoll called Sunrise Hill. The house, done in what California architects call Spanish style, dominated the bungalow district quite as the Federal Building lorded it over the business street.

When the assistant supervisor came in at eight, Tabard had been at his desk an hour. The assistant said:

"Whew, sir! Some hot. I read the thermometer and barometer an' talked with Gates, the weather observer. From the figures I'd say it was a bad night in the hills. Any reports yet? An' they're so short of smoke chasers."

Tabard looked up. He was brown and wrinkled to the line on his brow where a campaign hat often rested. His face was broad. He had a gray stiff thatch of straight hair. This gray thatch and his wide, quiet blue eyes contrasted strongly against the sun-beaten brown wrinkles of his face.

His assistant continued: "It'll be another stampede in here to-day, I suppose. An' the boys in the sticks—they were overloaded, anyway. With last night, I don't see how they'll hold the smoke down. Nor what we can do."

The old supervisor did not look up. Later he arose, peeled his coat, and sat again at the desk. On the stairs was a shuffling of feet. Tabard said to his aide: "Close the door. Ten o'clock. Damned hot."

The assistant hurried out, closing the door of the private office behind him. Tabard followed to the door and locked the spring latch. Feet scraped in the outer office. Voices rose. From time to time new voices rose, and new shufflings.

He stood at the east window and looked down onto the blue gum pavement. Lightly dressed girls and sweating men passed. For an hour then he sat at his desk with his elbow on it, the phone receiver glued to his ear, playing his cigar and staring at the inverted lettering on the window: "Forest Service, U. S. D. A., Santiam National Forest, Thomas Tabard, Supervisor." Several times during the hour he removed the cigar from his lips and said: "Yes, this is Tabard."

He returned to the window, but he did not look over the roofs to the Cascades, whence the long-distance calls had come. He did not look at the bold Spanish house on Sunrise Hill. Men and women passed. They all, from his window, looked young and light and airy. A tall boy, bronzed and smooth, black-haired, in tennis shoes and flannels, bare-headed, swung by. He was Tom Tabard, Jr.

AT nine-fifty-nine Tabard crossed to the door and pulled back the catch. At ten the assistant entered, together with a cloud of tobacco smoke that wafted toward the window. Smoke and trouble—the aide brought them with him.

As the aide entered, the phone box under Tabard's desk buzzed. The supervisor motioned the aide to take it. Three minutes the call lasted.

When the call ended he turned a sweating, blanched face to Tabard. "Chief!" he cried. "Chief, that was only an additional report from Fish Lake headquarters. You took the first report? And report from Breitenbush headquarters? Why, the whole thing's going up in smoke! We've got to jump! Thirteen new fires triangled by the Battleax Mountain lookout alone. Here, I'll read it—"

Tabard did not wave his aide aside, but the blue eyes in the burned-brown face looked at the younger man, and Tabard said, "Send them in."

Only a moment Conway stared, hesitating. Then he opened the door and let in a horde of business callers.

Among them were cattlemen who wanted more grazing land or less interference from the sheep men, who were also present. Smart lumber-mill superintendents wanted more trees marked immediately for sale and cutting. A corporation lawyer inquired about water-power rights on Roaring River. Two ranchers lodged complaints against rangers.

Tabard listened to them, making no notes. Conway made notes. Tabard, in his chair, said that it was damned hot. He wore a white shirt and snowy starched collar, in which his coffee-colored neck looked like a section hand's. Conway, young and flaxen-haired, sported a khaki costume, with boots and forester's badge. The chief made no gestures; he neither caressed his chin nor rubbed the back of his head. At ten-fifteen he abruptly walked to the east window.

Conway followed him. The assistant was nearing the borderland of hysteria.

"You'll take care of them," Tabard said. "I'm going up."

"But the car—" Conway spluttered.

"Wheeler promised it at ten-thirty. Paid him double-time all night."

In Conway's eyes a flash of comprehension and admiration displaced fear. He looked down to the pavement and to Wheeler's garage across the street. "Why, then, last night you knew what was coming? . . . But our seven cents a mile," he laughed nervously, "it won't make repairs on that old wreck even at straight time. And, Chief, I—I can't stay here."

Tabard gave the younger man a glance before saying: "Promote Miss Fromm, then. Office can't stop, you know. Have her talk to these gentlemen. Damned hot for her here to-day."

The squat white-shirted figure made its way through the wondering business men and down the winding stairs. In a moment Conway followed, hitching the string of his Baden-Powell hat on his neck, buckling on a gun belt. At Wheeler's garage, at ten-twenty-five, a rusty, dyspeptic car started roaring. In a moment, Conway at the wheel, they were roaring and rattling down the street among the light, clean people.

"Damn the heat," the supervisor remarked. He jerked a hand toward a corner. "To my house."

CONWAY was startled. The forest was burning. In fifty places it was burning. Time flew. But he tried the brake, and managed the corner.

Tom Tabard, Jr., lounged on the steps of the brown-and-white bungalow, his pants, obviously creased, displayed to the world.

"Want to go, son?" Tabard asked. "Some fires. Sort of a tussle we'll have."

"Well, Dad, there's that exhibition swim this afternoon. They say they've got to have me. I don't know; maybe—"

Tabard opened the screen door and entered, finding his wife in the cool parlor reading a book with sky-blue covers.

"I'm off," he announced. "Three days, maybe more. Red lights up in the sticks again."

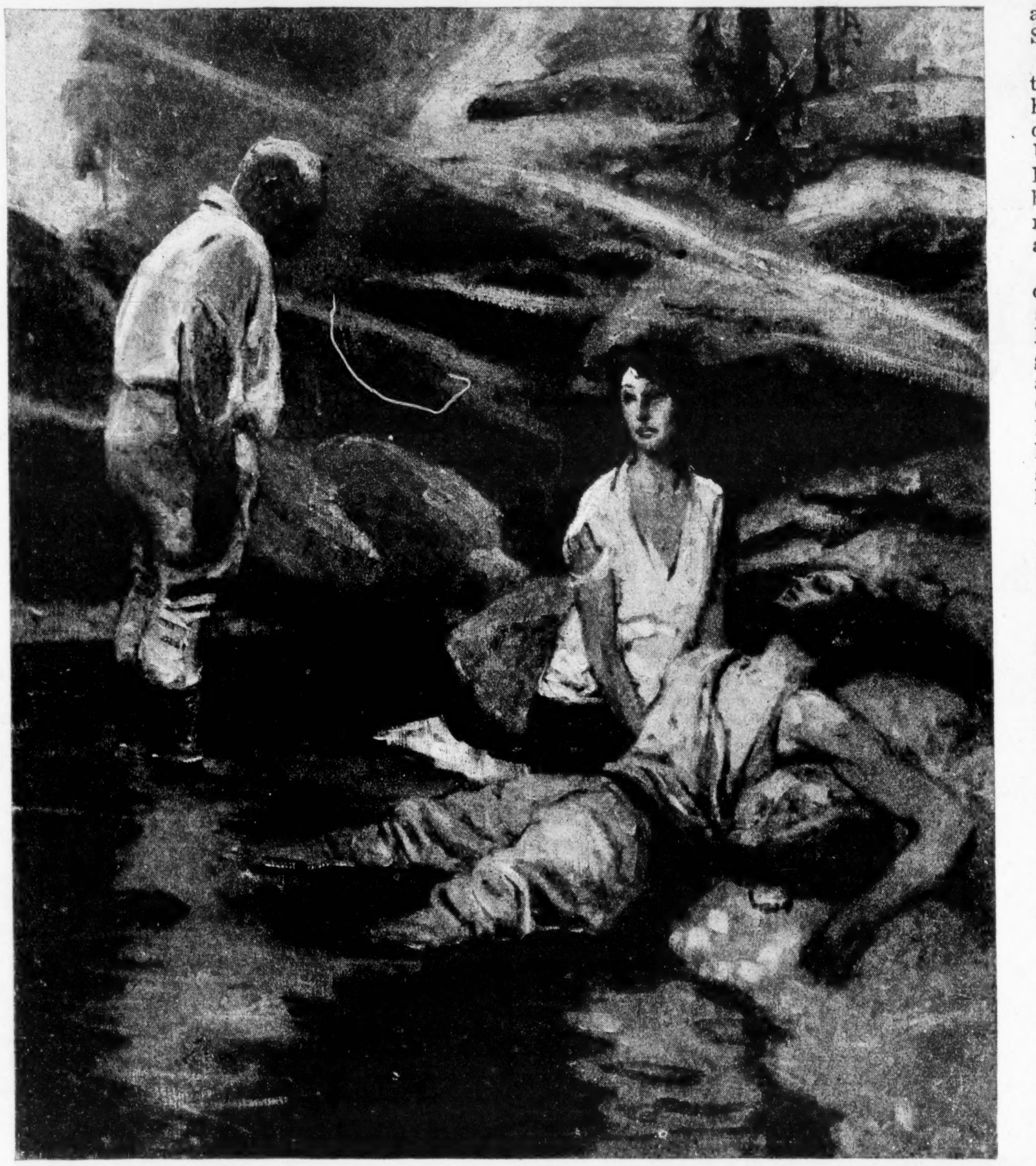
She was short, dark, moist, and voluble. "Oh, Tom! And now we won't know about you being the district forester, and that house in Sunrise. Mr. Bonn says he simply won't hold it after he opens his office to-morrow morning." Her arms went around his neck, her soft black hair touched his white thatch.

"Can't you tell yet, Tom? Why, you've been with the Service ever since there was a Service—twenty years next year. And even if there are only seven district foresters in the whole country, you certainly deserve to be one of them. It would be nicer—Portland, and you not directly responsible for the old fires."

If Tabard never stroked his own chin, his own head, he at least caressed his wife. He petted the black head soothingly as he talked.

"Lots of talk, all year. Nothing official. But I can tell, when I see these fires. I can tell what they'll do—if I stay on here as supervisor or go up among the Big Seven. Depends on these fires. Now I've got to run."

She held him with her arms. "But, don't you see, I must know. We've rented and rented and rented. That's the only house in town, that Spanish house, you know, dear, and if we stay here we simply must get it—we must buy it. Why, your position demands it, Tom, you know that, and if I thought we'd stay, I'd tell Mr. Bonn—"



"Don't bring him to," said Tabard. "Legs broke. He feels better asleep"

"I'll let you know," Tabard said, and was gone.

For an hour Tabard and Conway whirled eastward over a bumpy gravel road. Then the road left the yellow oat fields and dusty orchards and plunged among the foothills. As the foresters in their ancient car drove high among the thick hills, smoke met them. At the top of a bowlder ridge, where rock columns stood about, Conway slowed and took a quick glance back and down at the distant valley.

He could not see its vast spread. All he could see was a thin impenetrable blue haze that hid even the closest hills. Nearly overhead, the sun that had risen dazzlingly in a brassy sky was now a red disk, like a harvest moon, and Conway stared at it. It was the fire sun.

"My God!" he broke out in a sheer voice. "The whole country's gone up. The boys in the forest—if they're alive, they're lucky!"

"I'll take the wheel," Tabard said. He changed places with Conway. They fled along the red-soiled road that forever led higher. Up the steep pitches they roared. Down the occasional grades between mountains they coasted eerily.

A red placard on a tree flashed by, "Break Your Match." On another trunk a yellow tin screamed "Warning! Put Out Your Camp Fires!" On a narrow road hanging above a rocky, foamy river, dark between two walls of forest, they met moving smoke. It poured along the river, sucked down hill by the current. It was as though the tunnel through the forest above the water was a great chimney. A solid column of dense blue, moving swiftly, filled the canyon. The supervisor was in his forest.

Another hour, and they rattled across a puncheon bridge and were at Cascadia. Here was a camp of vacationists, city men and women who fished or lounged about their tents beside a soda spring under the soughing forest. But the men were gone, the women subdued. The men had been impressed by the rangers and were out at the fires.

BEYOND Cascadia they stopped at the ranger station. Tabard glanced over the fire-permit book, noting how many campers were in the forest. He found the name he sought, that of Senator Worth.

A strong, tall girl was in charge of the station. She said nothing, and watched Tabard study the book. Closing it, the supervisor asked: "Where is he, Molly?"

"Fish Lake. And his daughter Erla, in pants and complexion. She'll be raising hell with the rangers."

Tabard went out and down the steps of the cabin. Above it a faded flag hung, half torn to ribbons.

"Molly," Tabard said, "you know the Regulation. It's only in windy weather, for economy, that you're to fly the old flag. In decent weather use the decent flag."

"I know my Manual, Chief," Molly replied. "It's all the reading matter I've got in this God-forgotten hole. But I thought Senator Worth would be running out to-day, running like all hell because he'd smelled smoke. Wanted him to see we're so hard up we can't afford flags. Might influence him to vote in the Senate for more money for the Service."

Conway laughed, cranking the car, and it was moving as he climbed in. He sobered down and said, between Upper Soda and Mountain House, which were shacks beside the road: "That's rotten, Chief, about the senator. Sorry he's here."

Tabard grunted and lit a cigar with one hand. In silence they climbed Seven Mile Mountain, all in low gear, while Conway worried about the fires and about his Chief's misfortunes. Tabard had served on the front fire line ever since there had been a Service, pioneering doggedly in those days when to be a forester was to be sneered at, shot at, and fought by cattlemen, timbermen, and public.

GREAT wilderness domains Tabard had subdued and brought under control of his rangers, his telephones, and the Manual, his law. More than any supervisor, he deserved to step up into the ranks of the Big Seven. But Tabard, in the Santiam National, had been given the worst forest left. Miles of it, down from the glaciers of its peaks, were even unexplored. Last year Tabard had weathered the season with but ten acres burned. The Santiam was subdued. And the whisper trickled the Service that Tabard would be given his reward.

This year, Conway thought, because of last night's electric storm, Tabard would lose ten thousand acres, a million dollars in timber, and the lives of Rangers. And he wondered who the Big Chief at Washington would find if he rewarded Tabard, who could fight the Santiam as Tabard fought it.

They were above Seven Mile, and dodging with the narrow road among giant fir prophets. A dozen miles of that, and they rolled over a sharp and cutting lava bed into Fish Lake headquarters. It was mid-afternoon. There was a wooden forestry office and half a dozen shacks for hardy vacationists. A blue pall hung over the clearing. Only the first mountaintops showed through the ominous haze. From the office a tall man in trim-belted khaki strode toward the car. He was Senator Worth.

Senator Worth was gray-haired, gray-faced, and long nosed. He descended excitedly upon Tabard.

"Supervisor!" he greeted Tabard. "I'm looking for you. My daughter went out with a ranger before daybreak fishing. He was on his way to Park Mountain, after a little fire there. She was to stop (*Continued on page 23*)

"I attributed Bill's success to his hair and his spectacles"

© PAUL THOMPSON

"When Wallace is bad he puts on a mask of inscrutability"

The Irwin Boys Decide to Tell All

The performers in this great brother act are known to all Collier's readers. We asked each to write the other's biography, for the sake of posterity. Apparently they have omitted nothing save Wallace's middle name. It is Admah. Will is more bookish, but Wallace, it would seem, has the more books.

Will Irwin
by
Wallace Irwin

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON IRWIN, party of the first part, to be hereafter in this document referred to as Bill, was born a long time ago. Frankly, I cannot recall the day because I arrived two years later and in no proper state of mind to take his license number. It is recorded in the Irwin Annals that Bill came to my cradle, himself a very minor infant, carrying a hammer with which to knock out my brains and thus end the dispute in its early stage.

All this happened in the village of Oneida, N. Y. My earliest impression of Bill was of a superior being with domy forehead, romantic yellow curls, and a passion for monologue. My entire days and nights were devoted to waiting for Bill to finish talking. Not satisfied with a good day's work and overtime, Bill talked in his sleep. I know because we occupied the same bed, and I learned many secrets which I am still keeping on file, in case of emergency.

Bill was six years old when he talked his way from Canandaigua, N. Y., to Leadville, Col. To save him from himself I went along, and as a further safeguard took my father and mother. At that time, as I remember it, Bill was intensely interested in silver mining, the single tax, and the Life of Julius Cæsar. Well, we all reached Leadville in a state of collapse—with the exception of Bill, who had spent his time on the train writing a play about an Irish gladiator in the Roman arena.

Leadville in those days was a wild town, and as I recall it, Bill didn't make it any tamer. In order to develop his physical as well as his mental side, my father and I decided to buy some cattle. It worked for a while, but Bill soon wearied of the cows, and the cows of Bill. Then he got himself a job as a messenger boy, and with the first $2 he earned he went to a wholesale grocer's auction sale and bought 144 boxes of Cox's gelatin, which he brought home with the lucid explanation that we might need it some day.

Shortly after that the cattle died of hunger and the Irwins came dangerously near to doing the same thing. Bill needed further educating, so I took him and family to Denver, where we entered high school, Bill and I. Bill's eloquence was then in violent eruption. I have a picture of his night of glory when he stood in the West Denver High School's auditorium, his spectacles flashing, his angel hair in violent curls as he blazed away at Un-justice to Mun-kind, and as a reward received a gold medal about the size of a German dinner plate. I thought Bill very beautiful that night, but he aroused my jealousy. I attributed his success to his hair and his spectacles, so next year I wrote an oration, got Aunt Susie to curl my hair, learned a set of Delsarte gestures, and went on the platform for the prize. But when the judges made their speech they said that unfortunately there were not enough medals to go around and pinned the gold dinner plate to the breast of an angular Swedish boy with buck teeth and a pronounced lisp. This convinced me that Bill's style would bear study.

BILL went to Stanford University and was away from my influence for two years, so that by the time I arrived in California the harm had been done. I had no sooner set foot on the college campus than the faculty met me in a body and warned me away. They could not bear, they said, to have two Irwins on the grounds at the same time. They declared that Bill's reputation would injure my chances of graduation. They compromised by firing Bill in a year or so and letting me stay long enough to prove that I, as well as my brother, had inherited criminal tendencies.

But Bill was always an optimist. I remember once—that was in Colorado—he decided to go on the stage. He followed a road show out of town and came back in

(*Continued on page 29*)

Wallace Irwin
by
Will Irwin

HE ISN'T Wallace to me; he's "Mick."

I hold myself partly responsible for his literary attainments; I am told by my elders that on the day after he was born I tried to teach him his letters from my alphabet blocks. True, I did not yet know my letters myself, but that is no handicap to a born teacher. He was annoyingly unresponsive. Later they found me in a corner nursing a grouch toying with a tack hammer.

"What are you doing with that?" asked my Aunt Clara. "Pound baby," I replied laconically. But later he got on fast. At the age of ten, or thereabout, he began to write poetry. This will be his first notice that I remember his maiden poem. The refrain ran:

> We are sailing life's great sea,
> We are climbing life's great tree,
> Sailing, climbing yet.

In fact, we were both bitten early by poetry. I haven't the slightest idea what Mick has written about me in the parallel column, but I hope he hasn't been mean enough to mention my twelve-year-old masterpiece entitled "The Grave by the Lone Grave Canyon." We had it virulently for several years. Wallace broke out in light verse-forms and aspired to be the American W. S. Gilbert. I developed sonnets and kept my eye on Shakespeare. After several years I was obliged reluctantly to admit that Shakespeare had something I hadn't. But Wallace made the grade. Before he abandoned verse for the more difficult art of prose, they called him just that—"The American Gilbert."

In the great stampede of '79—too early in life for us to remember much about it—my mother staged us both across Weston Pass to the great and glorious mining camp of Leadville at the summit of the continent, where our father had gone a year before. Together we grew up in the Wild West when it really was wild. Together we had our experiences with untamed cattle and bad horses. Together we descended five thousand feet to Denver and attended the West Side High School. A year or two more of the Wild West—getting a little tamer by the nineties—and we entered Stanford University.

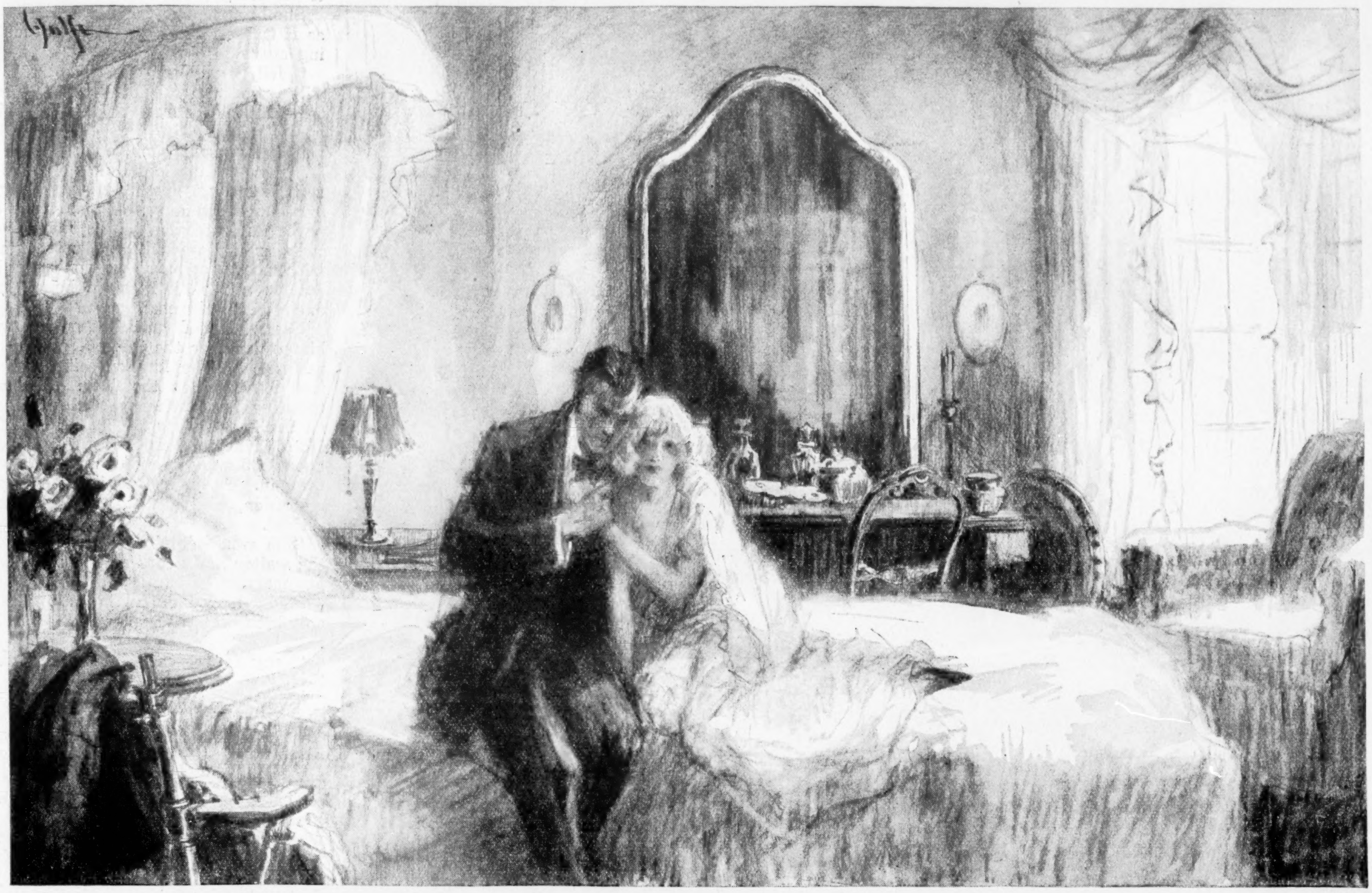
Together we worked our way, together we studied occasionally, together we wrote the college shows and spattered the college magazines with verse, and together we were graduated by request. I was fired for general misconduct; Wallace, a year later, was both flunked and fired. Whenever we mention that subject in the family circle, Wallace grows snobbish toward me. He says I was only punted, while he was drop-kicked.

We drifted to San Francisco and entered journalism at a salary of $6 a week; on which, with the help of the 15-cent dinner at the Hotel de France, we managed to exist for a year. Here the stories begin to diverge. By the end of the next year, while I was still doing three-alarm fires, he had expanded one of his old college verses into "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum," which became a best seller.

HE IS the industrious apprentice of the family; he loves the warm fireside, the writing desk, and hard labor at his art between the hours of eight and one. He has a genially benevolent character. When he is good, which is most of the time, he is very, very good. When he is bad he drops over his countenance that mask of inscrutability which emotion always engenders in him, and no one knows anything about it.

I think he is a handsome man, but I mustn't go into detail because he is said to look so much like me. In our youth the initiated differentiated us by remembering him as the fat Irwin and me as the thin Irwin. But I've plumped up in recent years, while he has intervals of passionate reduction, so that's now an unsafe

(*Continued on page 29*)



"I wish you'd tell me," he said. "It's just nothing," she assured him. "I guess I was feeling sorry for myself"

Marriage in New York

By Lucian Cary

Illustrated by George Wolfe

GEORGE BINGHAM was one of those tall, lean, homely men that everybody borrows money of. He had an amiable way with women too. He had none of the objections to women in a business office that most men cherish, whether they know it or not. He liked to see women get what they wanted. He liked to see men get what they wanted, which is perhaps not always the best way to get what you want. Nevertheless, George got a hundred dollars a week from the great advertising firm of Shotwell & Orme.

George was sitting in a corner of the café of the Hotel Crillon, at the foot of the avenue, of an afternoon in June. George thought that the café of the Hotel Crillon was the perfect place to be on that afternoon in June. He was sitting opposite Madge Chickering.

The Hotel Crillon is perhaps French. Certainly if one orders a mazagran the waiter asks no questions, but brings a tall goblet of coffee, very black and flavored with chicory. And certainly the tête-à-tête is understood. In the days when cocktails were two for twenty-five cents and they left the bottle of Scotch standing on your table and gave you brandy in your demi-tasse for the asking, the café was possibly too crowded. It depends upon what one wishes. The habitués have mostly gone, mourning that there is no longer any place in New York where one may find one's friends.

But George thought it better so. He had discovered that if you lingered after lunch, till three, say, you were quite alone. The café is three steps below the level of the street. The long windows open on a tiny grass plot, seen through a hedge of privet. George thought it was particularly charming after a shower. The leaves of the hedge, washed by rain, glistened with drops of water, and the sunlight, streaming in, splashed Madge Chickering's blond head with gold.

Above the hedge George caught a glimpse of a great yellow bus careening up the Avenue and he knew that somewhere the world of factories and shops and offices was going on. But he did not care. It was not going on in the café of the Hotel Crillon.

At half past three a porter hung a strip of awning clear across the front against the sun. It was suddenly dusky within the café, and still and dear.

MADGE was one of those girls who were unknown to our grandfathers, when life was so much simpler than it is now. She had a head of blond curls, curlier than ever now after the rain and a piquant nose and eyes that looked straight at you, and more men had tried to kiss her than her grandmother had met in all her life, and she got a hundred dollars a week for writing advertising copy in the offices of Shotwell & Orme.

If she had been born in 1850, instead of in 1900, she would never have left her home in Belleville, Ind., for an apartment in East Sixty-first Street, or believed that no self-respecting woman would permit her husband to support her. She would have been married at twenty-four and had three children and thought a business office was an incomprehensible creation of men and a home the place that God had created for women. As it was, she thought the house furnishings of 1850 old-fashioned and charming, and the ideas of 1850 old-fashioned and damnable.

"The trouble with marriage," Madge explained to George on this lovely afternoon in June when the café of the Hotel Crillon was so still and so dear, "is that we expect too much of it."

George nodded. He was too much in love with her to argue with her. Besides, it was not George's habit to dispute anybody. If he disagreed, he usually discovered it a day or a week or a year later, when, if it was not too late, he could say what he had to say with disconcerting finality. Impressions, ideas, opinions revolved slowly in George's mind. He turned them over at odd moments, testing them, making up his mind about them. George was not a talking machine even if he was an advertising man.

"People expect marriage to be perfect," Madge continued.

George smiled and took her hand in his across the table. "I do," he said fatuously.

Madge blushed in spite of herself. George thought she was adorable when she blushed. She was so very feminine when she blushed. "Don't be an idiot, George," Madge said. "And do be serious for five minutes."

"I was never more serious in my life," George said with ardor. He stole a glance in the mirror to make sure that no lingering waiter was looking. If the café of the Hotel Crillon had any imperfection, it was the superfluity of mirrors that lined its walls.

"You can't kiss me here," Madge said.

"I haven't kissed you since last night," George protested.

"I don't want to be kissed—now," Madge said. "I want to talk seriously. I think people ought to talk seriously about marriage before they marry, instead of afterward."

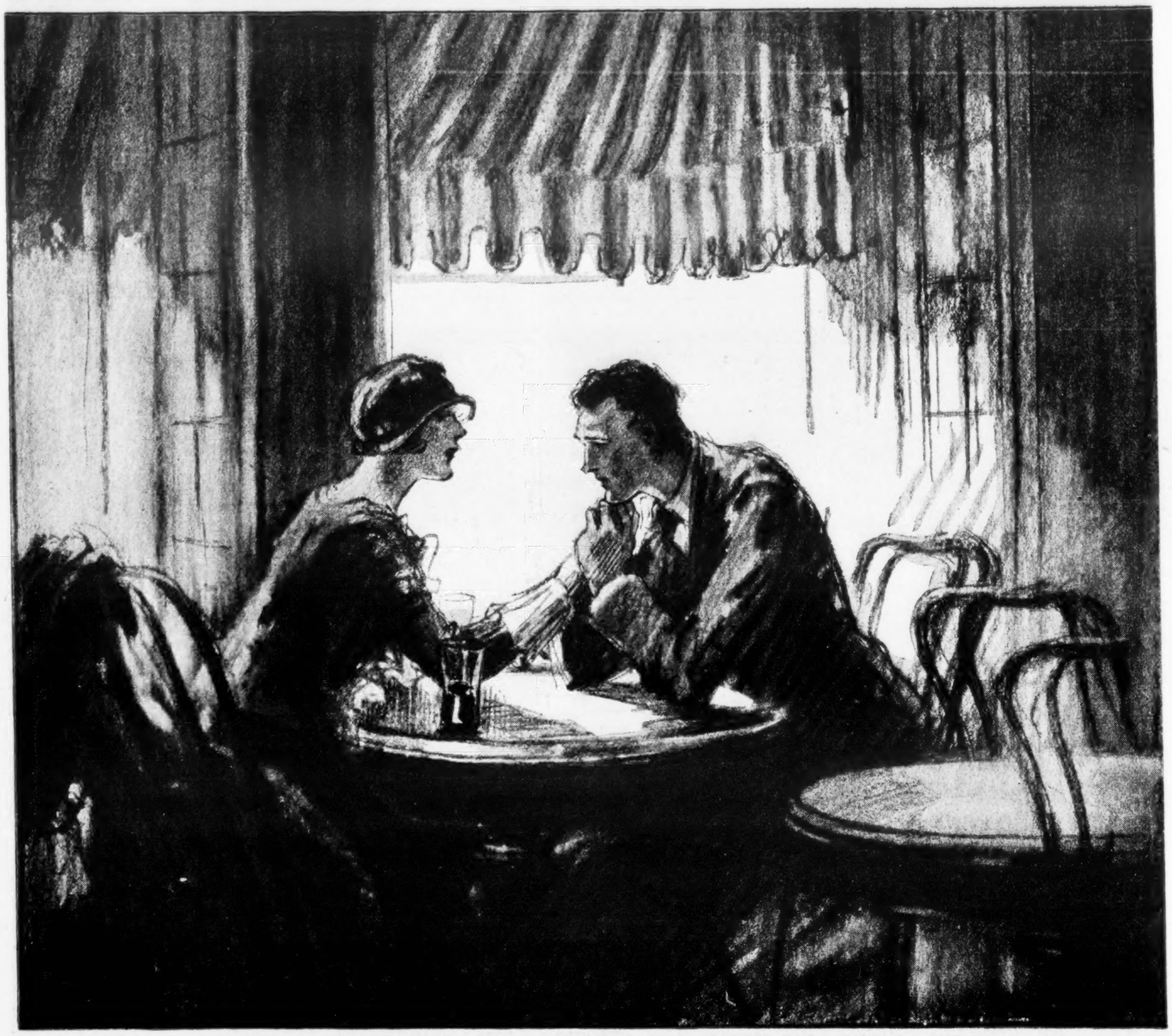
GEORGE leaned back in his corner obediently and lit a cigarette. "All right," he said, "shoot."

"In the first place," Madge said, "marriage can't be everything. It can't be a charming flirtation and a sound business partnership and a grand passion and a comfortable old friendship all rolled into one."

"Why not?" George asked.

"Look at the people who've tried it," Madge cried. "Do you know a single happy marriage?"

"Well," said George slowly, "I know people who are happier now than they were before."



She smiled at him through her tears. "It—it's all off, George," she said

"Who?"

"The Winklers."

"That's about what I thought you'd say. Why, Amy Robson and Bill Winkler were the most light-hearted, happy-go-lucky people in the world before they got married, and now look at them!"

"I haven't seen them lately," George said.

"NEITHER has anybody else," Madge said. "That's just the point. They never go anywhere. Amy has quit her job, and they've moved out to Port Chester, and they're buying a home and having a baby, and they read out loud to each other evenings!"

"Well—" George began mildly.

"And before they were married they went everywhere."

"She certainly was a popular girl," George said.

"And Bill was a darling," Madge cried. "But now he's got his nose to the grindstone, and Amy hasn't any clothes, and they're a total loss."

"They may not be a total loss to each other."

"They will be," Madge said. "Bill is buried up to his neck in his business trying to pay for a home, and Amy hasn't a thought in her head above how to curtain the living-room and how to get a cook cheap. In another year she'll be perfectly suburban."

"Well—" said George slowly.

"Do you know what Amy told me?" Madge asked. "She told me she hadn't been to lunch but once with a man since she's married?"

"Why not?"

"Because Bill is so jealous," explained Madge.

George grinned.

"In this day and age!" Madge cried. "That does seem a bit thick," George admitted.

"It's intolerable," Madge said. "If two people aren't enough in love with each other to trust each other, they oughtn't to be married at all. Besides, everybody knows that nothing sets a woman up like having a lunch date with a man who used to be crazy about her before she was married."

George frowned.

"Men are the same way," Madge said. "The trouble is most married people won't and can't be frank about it. Each pretends he never wants to lunch with anybody else and then goes and does it on the sly."

"Well—" George began.

"It's true, George, and you know it," Madge said. "Only most people haven't the courage to face the facts. But I can't bear to be like that." She looked at George appraisingly, and as she looked her eyes grew tender. George could imagine tears in those eyes. "And if you and I are going to be like that," she finished, "why—why, I think we ought to stop right here."

"But we won't be like that," George said.

"We will if we don't plan it out in advance and arrange our lives on purpose to avoid the mistakes that other married couples make."

"Well," said George, "I'm listening."

"In the first place," Madge said, "I've got to keep my job."

"Yes," said George. It was the only thing he could say. She earned exactly as much money as he did.

"In the second place," Madge continued, "I think we ought to make it a rule never, never to lunch together."

"Why not?"

"Because it isn't good for married people to see so much of each other."

"Well—" said George deprecatingly.

"And I think we ought to make it a rule to have dinner with somebody else at least one night a week and no questions asked. And we've got to be absolutely open and frank and honest with each other no matter how much it hurts. We've got to give each other perfect freedom."

"Well, now," George began. He felt some vague, unformulated antagonism to her attitude—to her slant on marriage. But he wanted to be reasonable.

"And if you want to know what I really believe," Madge went on with a rush, "I believe that we oughtn't to live in the same house."

George sat up in his chair. "Not live in the same house!"

"I just can't bear the idea of our getting used to each other," Madge said. "I think the way to avoid that is for you to keep your apartment and me to keep mine."

"But, Madge—" George began. Then he paused to consider. Madge saw her advantage and took it.

"It's our only hope, George. It's the modern way. It's the kind of thing we couldn't do anywhere except in New York. But we can do it in New York and nobody will think anything about it."

GEORGE thought rapidly for once. It occurred to him that Madge's arrangement would be more apparent than real. His apartment was in a bachelor hotel. As a practical matter, he would wake up every morning in her apartment. If he accepted her view, it would mean that he would have to buy an extra safety razor—to be kept on hand in East Sixty-first Street.

"Don't you see, George?" Madge pleaded. "It's our chance to be different from the others—our chance not to get stodgy and *married*."

She brought the word "married" out as if it described a peculiarly unedifying state.

"Well," said George reluctantly, "I'm willing to try it."

Madge leaned forward, tempting him with her lips.

"And we won't ever be commuters or buy a home in the suburbs or have a regular cook," she said. "We'll get our dinners in a restaurant as we do now. And we won't ever have lunch together and we will go out to dinner with other people and we won't ever be jealous and we'll keep on being just as interested in each other!"

George leaned quickly forward and kissed her over the table, a gesture so reckless that he knocked his glass of iced coffee off on the floor. It is astounding how much noise a glass falling on the floor makes in the café of the Hotel Crillon at four o'clock of an afternoon in June. The waiter came shuffling in. He smiled benignly at their confusion, picked up the pieces, and retired.

"I'm wondering," George said when the waiter had gone, "why we couldn't get married on Saturday."

Madge looked at him gravely. "We've only been engaged since last night," she said.

"Long engagements are old-fashioned," George said.

"Yes," Madge said softly, "that's true."

SO THEY were married at the city hall on Saturday and George bought an extra safety razor and Madge explained to the agent of the house in which she had her living-room, bedroom, and bath that she was now Mrs. Bingham and they were both so happy that their friends in the offices of Shotwell & Orme openly envied them.

One after another the girls in the woman's copy department took Madge aside and asked if it were really true that she had found a man who did not resent the modern woman's need for a job outside the home? Madge assured them in turn that so far from objecting to her keeping her job, George was actually proud of the fact that she earned as much money as he did. When it became known, as it somehow did, that George and Madge had separate apartments in order not to interfere with each other's lives and not to drift into that take-it-for-granted attitude toward each other that is the death of romance, George was recognized as one of those rare men who can rise above the ordinary male prejudices.

"Why," said little Mabel Baker, who bought art, "we've all read about marriages like that. We all know that it's got to come. But this is the first rational marriage I've ever actually met."

In her forthright way she told George she thought he was the first really grown-up man she had ever known.

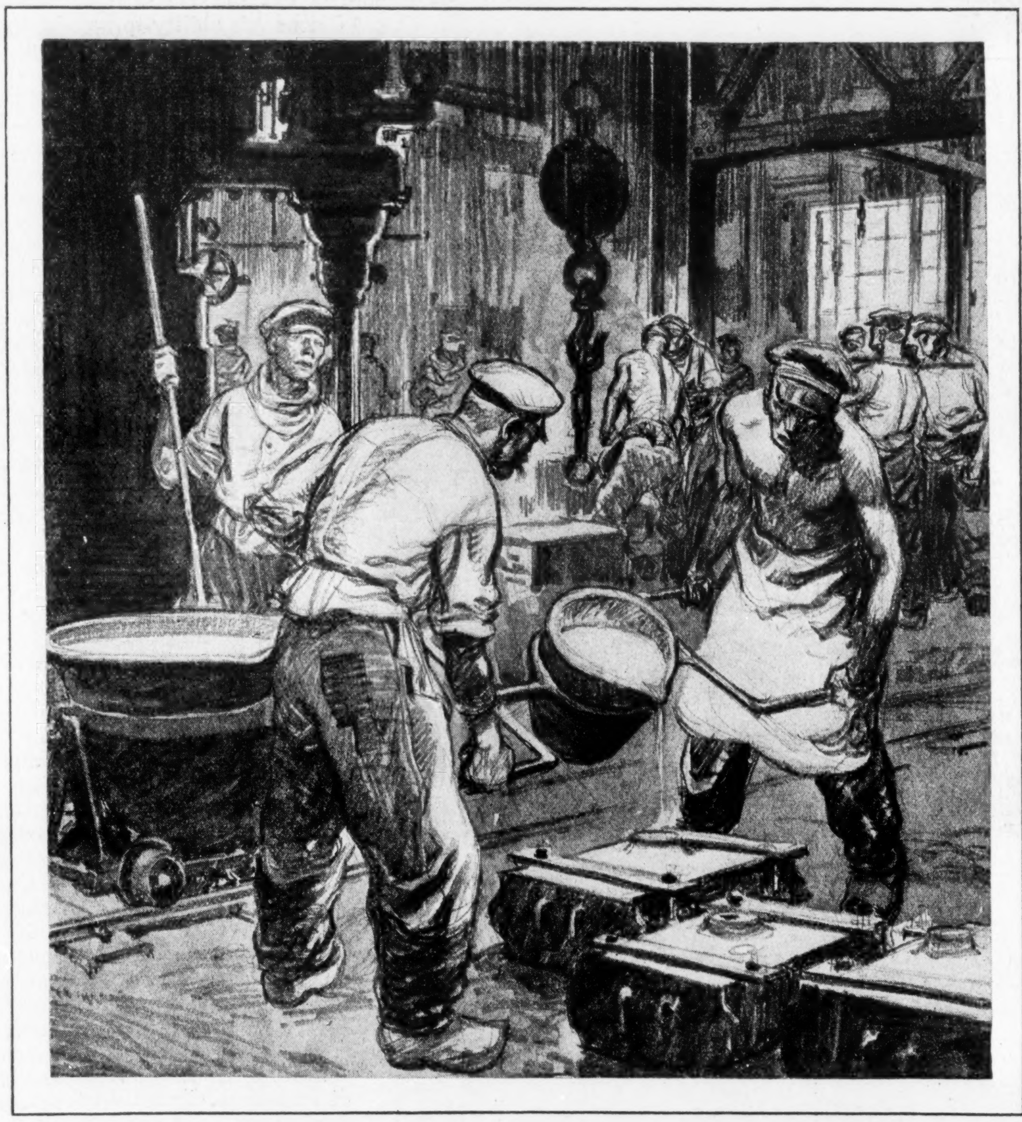
"Most men are such babies," she said. "You have to pretend so or you hurt their feelings. Why," she finished, "if I knew a man who wouldn't always be underfoot I'd get married myself."

George felt that such high approval was cheap at the rent he paid for the bachelor apartment he still maintained but never occupied. He religiously kept his half of the agreement with Madge that they should never lunch together, which meant that they never lunched together more than five times in any one week. Madge kept to her theory that a cook was a hostage to that old-fashioned kind of marriage that was never happy, which meant that they hunted out all the agreeable little restaurants in Manhattan and danced on all the hotel roofs and went to all the summer shows. (*Continued on page 24*)

What Settling Europe Means to Us

By Samuel Crowther

Illustrated by Herbert Stoops



We may have to compete with European goods made by practically unpaid labor

THESE are some of the things I hear: "We are living in a fool's paradise—until affairs abroad are settled we can have no sure basis for prosperity."

"We have a farm crisis because America failed in its duty to enter the League of Nations and thereby let Europe fall into such a condition of bickering poverty that it has not the means to buy our grains and meats."

"Once Europe has returned to normal, then we can sell our normal surplus abroad. Our factories are too big for the American markets. The foreign markets have to take the fraction of production which spells profit."

"There is only one way to look at it. These people abroad are not only our old friends but also our old customers. They are in trouble. Putting aside the friendship, good business demands that we help put them on their feet again."

Most of the people I have talked with of late seem to take for granted that a straightened-out and settled Europe means a Europe that is extremely hungry for our American products.

Europe, it would seem, is held in a spell against the coming of Prince Charming. We can play the Prince, but we will not marry the girl—we will sell her a lot of things, principally wheat and pork. For the poor thing must be hungry—and not in a mood to haggle over prices.

No one bothers to relate cause and effect. Europe does not now buy goods from us, so it is said, because she has no money. Of course it must follow that Europe would buy from us if she had money. That is all there is to it. So let's do it; let's go. And on what train can you get out for golf to-day? It's all so quick—just like that. The conclusion romps through, trampling down the premises.

The Good Old Days of 1919

BACK in 1919 we loaded ships with every sort of junk imaginable and sent them abroad, and the foreigners bought at the prices we asked—just as they had paid whatever prices it occurred to us to ask for war supplies. They were great customers. They didn't care how they spent their money. Actually they were spending our money. We thought they were easy marks. They knew we were. We were not the only country in the game. Everybody was doing it.

The world-wide post-war boom was founded on the neat theory that something new had come into the world which made it unnecessary to pay for the things which one bought. Roumania is just concluding a remarkable agreement by which its merchants are to pay over a term of ten years for the goods they bought in England, France, and Germany four years ago.

The present-day opinion that the bringing about of a settlement in Europe will at once generate a new buying power in Europe, and that that buying power will be used to buy grain and meats and goods from the United States, rests on no higher logic than the 1919-1920 theory that goods which are bought do not have to be paid for. Our reasoning is just different, that is all. It is tremendously important to us that The affairs of Europe be put upon a sane basis. That importance cannot easily be exaggerated. The effect on us will be gradual and immensely beneficial, but it will not be in the direction of making more sales to Europe. We are selling more to Europe now than we ought to be selling in the way of manufactured articles. We shall not sell more foodstuffs, for we are no longer the world's granary and no act of Congress can cause us to be. We shall sell more cotton and copper.

But anyone who is basing calculations for the future upon great sales to Europe is going to be bitterly disappointed. As Europe returns to production she will buy less and less from us and sell more and more to us. She will buy from us only that which we alone can best supply. We shall buy in Europe only that which we do not produce so well or which we do not want to produce—as, for instance, articles in which a deal of handwork enters.

We fool ourselves into thinking that our real interests abroad lie in selling. Actually they lie in buying. The disorganization of Europe makes buying a good deal of a gamble. No one knows what the money he gets is worth, and that, of course, prevents trading on a sound basis. We have to buy a certain amount of goods in Europe, and it is unsettling to our own industry to have this buying on a haphazard basis.

Another phase which also has to be reckoned with is this: the great mass of the people of Europe—and this includes England—are in utter poverty. Probably one third of the industrial workers, taking them altogether, are living on some form of government bounty, and the others, as a result of their work, are just able to keep above the starvation line. The usual home markets do not exist. The only markets in the world to-day that have any money to spend are Australia, Canada, the Argentine, and the United States.

Of these markets the United States is not only infinitely the greatest, but it is the only one with industries of its own. The others are merely exporters of raw material. We are in a fair way to be forced unfairly to compete with goods made in Europe by practically unpaid labor. The quantity of these goods cannot be large, but it may easily be large enough to unsettle our own markets, notwithstanding any tariff wall we may erect. And if we did exclude all foreign goods practically dumped on us in order to get ready cash—and dumping is a flexible word which may mean anything or nothing—then we should not only upset the world a little more, but at the same time make it impossible for any of the debts owing to us to be paid. For whatever we may get in the way of payments on our debts must be paid in goods.

Any firm settlement in Europe—through the Dawes plan, the League, the World Court, or a general treaty revision—will help in the readjustment of our home affairs, but the effect will not be sudden. And we might as well realize that a boom export market with a consequent boom in home trade from factory to farm is not among the possibilities. Those who are smacking their lips over the prospect of nice, easy money might as well turn to doing something more useful.

When people think they are getting something for nothing they are, in fact, only spending someone's savings, and if the owner of the savings does not call a halt the exhaustion of the savings will. Since 1914 Europe has been very largely living on its own savings and on our savings.

They Have to Sell Us

THAT is why we have received so much gold instead of goods. We have received some goods, and their quantity is increasing. But, by and large, the goods we have received would not be sent if Europe were in normal production. They sell us the goods in order to exist. Suppose a cabinet worker could not or would not work. After he had exhausted the money he had saved, he would start to sell his furniture. In time all the furniture would go. Then he would get out his tools and make a chair. But would he put this chair in his house? Not at all. He would have to take it out and sell it, and he would have to make many more chairs and sell them before the pressure of existence would let him make a chair for his family. A family can get along without chairs, but they cannot get along without food, fuel, and clothing.

Our importations from Europe have been pretty much in the chair class. Labor which ought to be busy supplying things needed at home has been diverted to the making of things which we would buy. The production of Europe is very low and our self-interest as a nation demands that we do everything in our power to help build up that production. We do not help at all by lending money so that they may buy from us. That is only postponing the crash. Unless we help them to help themselves, we are only being charitable in a harmful way. But if we lend money abroad to be used abroad instead of being used to buy here, are we not simply building up a competitor's business for him? Shall we not destroy that favorable balance of trade which we are so proud of and know so little about?

Yes, that is precisely what loans abroad will do. But, as a matter of cold, common sense, it is far safer to lend money for productive purposes abroad than for buying here, unless the purchases here be for machinery or materials which will go into production and not into consumption abroad. For only as Europe learns to earn can we be paid. We have shortsightedly overdone the business of lending money to be spent here. Our credit has been pauperizing.

The use of the word "favorable" in connection with an international trade balance is as misleading as anything well could be. If a farmer trades in his crops at the country store for less than the goods that he has bought from the store, the storekeeper does not gleefully caper over his favorable trade balance. He says that the farmer owes him money and he wonders how he is going to pay it. If all the farmers in the neighborhood are shy on their crops, then the storekeeper has such a favorable trade balance that he goes broke.

It is quite the same in international trade. Our favorable trade balance in recent years is due in part to not getting paid and in part to giving or lending the money with which to pay us. Before the war we did not have a favorable trade balance. We merely sent to Europe more goods than they sent to us. They took up the balance in steamship charges, insurance, the remittances of their nationals here, and our tourist spendings. If the several European nations who owe us money follow the example of England and begin to make payments to us, then these interest and principal payments, together with the interest upon the considerable amount of money that has been privately loaned, will cause our trade balance in goods always to be "unfavorable." For if they are "favorable" it will simply mean that we are not getting paid!

It will be hard to rid the mind of the delusion that a favorable trade balance is really favorable and to realize that Europe must sell to us more than we sell to Europe. Probably political capital will be made out of it—it will be investigated by the senatorial detective-economists. And all because the words "favorable" and "unfavorable" have been wrongly applied to trade balances. When the farmer's crops return him enough to pay the storekeeper and still leave him something over, we do not think that the storekeeper is going to the bowwows because he has been paid. And yet that is the curious reasoning we apply to international trade.

What, then, does all this mean? If a European settlement involves selling less to Europe, where do we get off in the disposition of our surplus? And how about our farmers, whose prosperity is said to depend on the European markets? And why should we be interested in the Dawes Report or any other settlements abroad out of which no money is going to come to us?

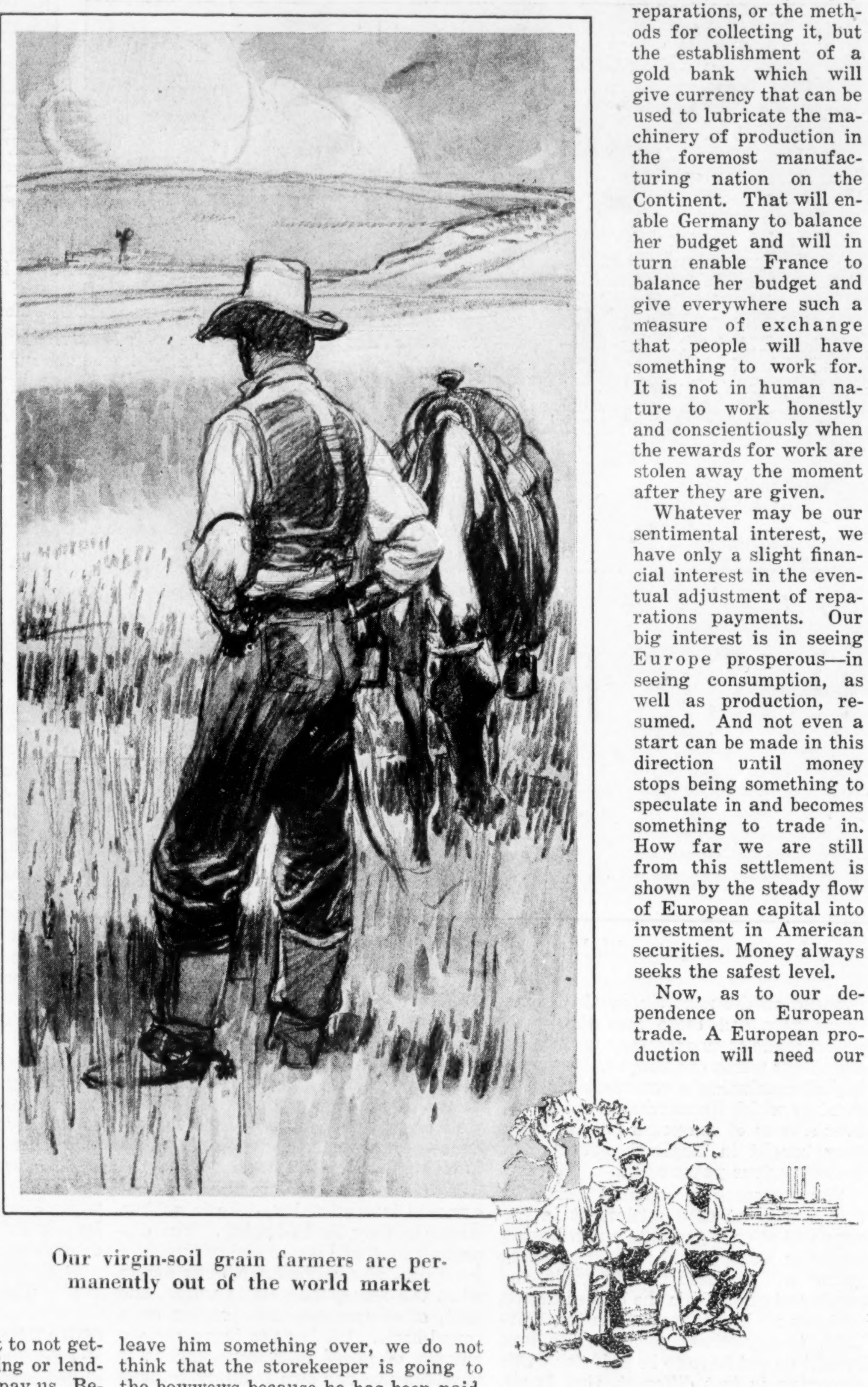
The situation is complex. Cause and effect seldom sit down side by side. The primary cause of the trouble abroad is the persistence of the ridiculous post-war notion that war brings prosperity. They have tried to make prosperity through laws instead of through production and have cut the very roots of production by breaking down through currency inflation the relation between what you do and what you get for it.

Six years of this sort of thing has followed on four years of destruction, with the result that most European currencies are not at all mediums of exchange. The big, vital thing in the Dawes Report is not the measure of Germany's ability to pay reparations, or the methods for collecting it, but the establishment of a gold bank which will give currency that can be used to lubricate the machinery of production in the foremost manufacturing nation on the Continent. That will enable Germany to balance her budget and will in turn enable France to balance her budget and give everywhere such a measure of exchange that people will have something to work for. It is not in human nature to work honestly and conscientiously when the rewards for work are stolen away the moment after they are given.

Whatever may be our sentimental interest, we have only a slight financial interest in the eventual adjustment of reparations payments. Our big interest is in seeing Europe prosperous—in seeing consumption, as well as production, resumed. And not even a start can be made in this direction until money stops being something to speculate in and becomes something to trade in. How far we are still from this settlement is shown by the steady flow of European capital into investment in American securities. Money always seeks the safest level.

Now, as to our dependence on European trade. A European production will need our cotton. We are the natural source of the world's cotton, but the cotton planters are by no means so dependent on European markets as they were when the war broke out ten years ago. We have increased our own ability to manufacture cotton and also the planter is ceasing to be a one-crop gambler. Our cotton is expensive because of the cost of fighting the boll weevil, and if this expensive production is to continue, Egypt and India and the various other countries that can raise cotton will be vastly stimulated. The high price of our cotton does not hold prosperity for our planters. They would be better off with twice as much cotton at half the price. But cotton has had its first lesson—it will look after itself.

Our grain farmers are in a different position. I said at the beginning of this article that we were no longer the world's granary. We have progressed beyond that point. One may get cheap grain in two ways—either by producing it as a rotation crop on not too expensive land or by raising it in quantities on cheap virgin soil. In the first way one sells a product of scientific husbandry. In the second way one sells the fertility of the soil. We have been selling the fertility of our soil, and while the actual agricultural value of the soil has been decreasing, we have raised its price and loaded it with taxes until now the soil is asked to pay more than the normal value of its grain crop. But while we have been exhausting our virgin soil—fertilizing it only with taxes and mortgages—Australia, the Argentine, and Canada have come in with their virgin soils and taken the place we once held.



Our virgin-soil grain farmers are permanently out of the world market

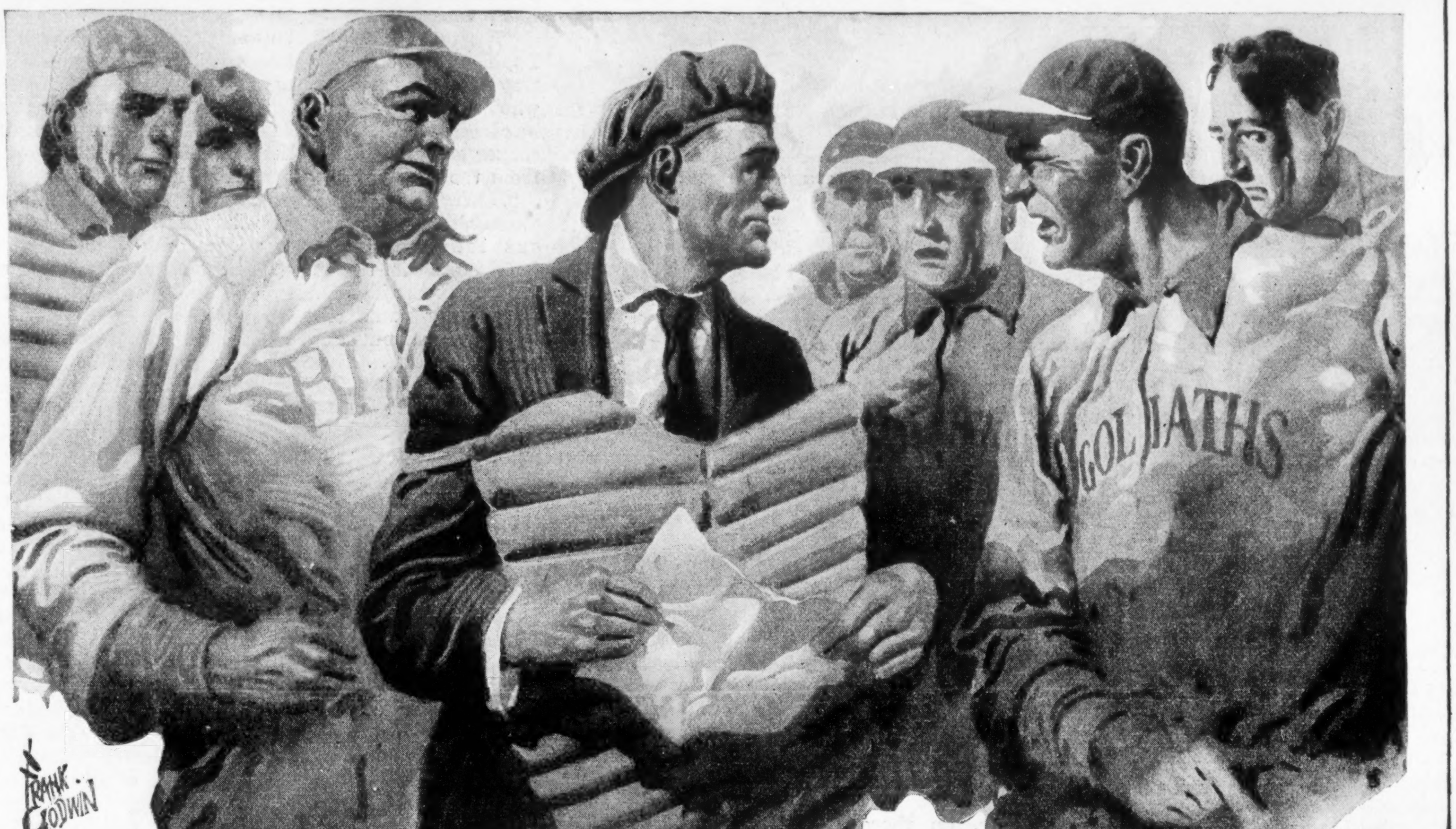
We Are Now "Marginal Producers"

IN AGRICULTURE we are now marginal producers and can enter the market only when the world price is inordinately high. The tariff can temporarily give the home market to the farmers, but it can only do that temporarily. The agricultural experts say that, through rotation and diversification, farm products can be sold at a low price and still yield a profit—provided the land is not capitalized and taxed above any reasonable price figure. And they point to farmers who are making money with the aid of science and common sense. But our virgin-soil farmers are permanently out of the world market—and perhaps out of the domestic market. All the king's horses and all the king's men cannot set them up again.

It is our custom glibly to say that our manufacturing capacity is so far in advance of our consumptive needs that unless we have export outlets our workmen must go idle. We have certain natural exports. These are mostly machines of various kinds which we have learned to build better than anyone else. We can also make better-looking shoes than can any other country; there is a demand abroad for American shoes, just as there is a demand here for English neckties. We can make cheaper automobiles than anyone else and also we know more about distributing petroleum. Our national exports are, with a few exceptions, products where design and skill count more than price.

As to the actual existence of a surplus, there is more than a little doubt. Strictly speaking, we cannot have a surplus until the entire needs of the home market are met. The certain sign of a production far in excess of consumption would be a market flooded with goods at involuntary sales for less than the cost of production. Some producer would be sure to rush ahead and smash prices. That has not happened. Therefore it would seem that our ability easily to produce far beyond our consumption may be only a hypothesis.

As our business at home increases, naturally we shall import in ever larger quantities; imports of non-competitive products and articles are a sign of our own prosperity and nothing to be afraid of. The imports of competitive articles are a challenge to our manufacturers. They can meet the challenge fairly; they cannot, however, compete with the products of a pauperized Europe. And that is our interest in Europe—helping the peoples to buy their own goods, not to buy ours. In this manner, and only in this manner, can we hope to restore the natural balance of things.



"Sorry, but there's the order," says Charley. "I'll have to order all these rainbow sticks out, boys"

PINK
GREEN
PURPLE

Everything Plus

By Jonathan Brooks

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

YOU take a ball club, and it is just like anything else. It's gotta have everything, to get anywhere, and then sumpin more. When you see a club hit first place and hold it, you can lay a nickel, or any part of it, that this club has everything *plus.*

Just like a pitcher. You hear ball players say some slinger's got sumpin. Do they mean by that he's got some one thing? No. They mean, he's got everything, and then sumpin extra besides. Havin' ever'thing is not enough—if you wanta get to the top of the pile in any kind of a scramble—baseball, business, or politics.

This spring we started out with ever'thing *plus.* Old man T. Everett Simmons give us a new park, an increase in salaries all around, and his own burning ambition to finish in second place, again ahead of the million-dollar Goliaths. First place not wanted, he says. Save that for next year, when we'll have more ever'thing and more plus.

So we start out. We've got a good all-around club, fair hittin', smart fieldin', and tricky enough on the bases; strong pitchin' staff, and a steady ketcher as long as old Liz Cochran can work. That's ever'thing, not countin' me, as manager.

For plus, we've got Jocko Jones and his hittin' average, eighty points better than good; and his brainwork, a hundred points better'n great. Also, pop-eyed Plug Brown's ability to pitch at least one smashin' game a series and then either finish another one or tackle a whole one if necessary. Also, Waldo Blatt's smart stuff on third, and Irish O'Connell's extra speed on the bases. Also Gerald A. Weatherby, the top-shelf kid, on second, vice Monty Sawyer, last year's weak hitter.

We start in second place. Then we go out on the road with all the players' wives along, and get in a jam, and tumble to fourth place because of jealousies, etc. We get together, and climb up again. Sit pretty, in early July. Ever'thing workin'. Plus, the same. All the clubs fr'm the other end of the league comin' in order, and a lead pipe we'll strangle second place.

THEN Irish O'Connell quits hittin'. That is to say, he quits almost altogether, which means he drops from an average of near three hundred down to about a hundred and nine. We can lose his hittin', because it ain't much to brag about, anyhow, and we've got old Jocko lammin' along at a four-hundred gait, with Liz Cochran and Weatherby wallopin' and Waldo and Jersey Day smartin' their way along. But when Irish quits hittin', he also quits runnin' bases, see? You can't run bases unless you get on 'em first, and you can't get on 'em often enough by walkin' to do any good.

We begin losin' games by one run that we oughta win the same way. I get worried. Teams that lose a lotta games by one run don't get anywhere. It's all right to crab against the breaks, but you gotta get the best of your share of 'em.

"Irish," I said to him, "how you gonna lead the league in stolen bases 'is year if you don't get on?"

"I'll begin gettin' 'em safe again, Bill," he said. "And when I do, I'll run these ketchers ragged. See if I don't."

I see he don't. And we lose more one-run games, and drop to third place. Old man Simmons sent for me.

"Mr. Andrews," he said, "I notice a slipping tendency. Seems to me I ought to warn you not to let the boys drop into a slump. This club simply has to finish in second place."

"The on'y thing we've lost," I said, "is the way Irish runs bases when he's hittin'. 'At's all 'at's gone. We're gettin' the pitchin', the hittin', and ever'thing else. Soon's Irish starts—"

"I don't analyze things the way you do," he interrupts me, holdin' up his hand. "All I see is that the Blues have tumbled from second to third place. That won't do. Especially since McGonigle's club is up in second place now. I'm only reminding you of my original orders for this season—second place, ahead of the Goliaths. That's all."

"Well," I said, "I'll see what I can do."

Can you beat that? All he wants is second place, ahead of the Goliaths. He should worry about the job itself. Results is what counts with him. I start outa his office, and he calls me back.

"Just a minute, Mr. Andrews," he says. "I should say that, after all, I've decided you've been right all along about the bonus system. There'll be no more bonuses paid to the Blues this year."

"Yes, sir," I said. And that was all I did say, because I was dumb. Ever' time any trouble come along, the old man had been diggin' up some of his oil dollars as a bonus for the guy that ironed out the trouble. I always crabbed the stuff, but the Blues collected fifty thousand beans in bonuses the last two years, besides their increases in wages. And now, just when I've about decided we couldn't solve anything without a bonus, he's cut us off!

Told Jocko about it.

"Mr. Simmons is in a tight place in his oil business," he said. "The club has to stand on its own feet. If it wants more money, it has to earn it, via the gate, by winning games."

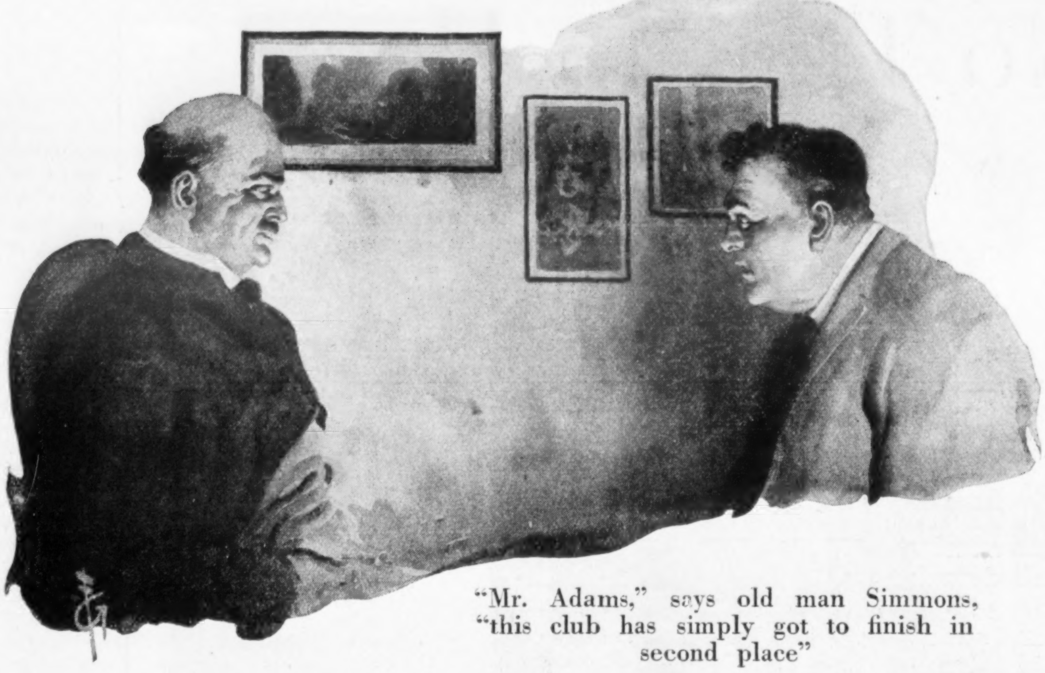
BUT he didn't have any ideas about Irish and his hittin'. For a week we went along. Irish changed bats. Choked 'em for a while, then grabbed the handle. Changed his position at the plate, every way. No use. I try to get Jocko to lend me his brains, but he's all worked up over some financial trouble the old man is in, and can't get steamed up over me and my problems.

And alla time poor old Irish gettin' sicker and sicker! Can't ketch anything but a cold, and it has to be right in his throat. Begins to lose weight and get pale, he's that worried.

"Bill," he says, "I'm gonna hit. I've gotta hit. Listen, this job means a lot to me. I know I have to lean on old Skinny Buck for my throwin', and that it's only my base runnin' that keeps the job for me. I gotta keep my job—"

"Oh, I don't know 's it's necessary," I said. "If I could get another—"

"Listen, Bill," he begged me, "you lemme alone now. I gotta stick here. You see, me and Skinny's sister—that is—oh, well, Bill, I just gotta hang on to this job till I got some dough saved up."



"Mr. Adams," says old man Simmons, "this club has simply got to finish in second place"

"Oh, ho," I said. "Umhumh! So that's it, hey? Well, if it's her y'r after, and this job means anything to you, better get busy and ast her advice. Mebbe she can help you get back to hittin'. Mebbe if she sent you home to bed, 'steada lettin' you sit up all hours of the night, at movies and such, y'd get some sleep, and y'r battin' eye."

This gave me a pain, and I didn't mind lettin' him know it. Women darn near broke up a ball club on me once, and I don't want any part of 'em mixed up in my battin' averages! But it seems like Irish took my sarcasm serious. Really went and ast Lilah Buck. Also begun gettin' some sleep. Here's how it happens.

Barney's gang is in town, with Monty Sawyer, our ex-second baseman, weak hitter, smart guy, and trouble maker. I traded him to Barney for Plug Brown and seventy-five hundred seeds in the spring. First day in town, Barney hunts me up.

"Say, Bill," he said, "can you use a second baseman, good, smart, hustlin' fella?"

"Nope," I said. "Got a second baseman. Any other ball players you wanta get rid of?" I knew what he had in mind. His regular man had got back in the game, and he was tired payin' Monty's salary to a utility man.

"I'm buyin' ball players myself, not sellin' 'em," says Barney. "Except this one second sacker."

"Monty's all right. Smart," I said. "But I got one as smart, that can hit."

Just then Jocko Jones come by where we were sittin'. He heard what Barney was talkin' about, and horned in.

"Why not sell him to McGonigle?" says Jocko, laughin'. "The Goliaths can use a good, hard-hittin' second baseman like Monty."

We all laughed, and I never thought any more about it. Jim needs a second baseman like I need an airplane. Not any! That afternoon we were lucky enough to win from Barney. And next day things happened. They happened to Irish O'Connell, which was one thing, and to poor little Waldo Blatt, the smartest fieldin' third sacker in this league or any other, which was sumpin else.

First thing I remember is seein' Irish O'Connell come into the park, his eyes shinin' and clear, and a-whistlin'. Shoulders back, head up.

"Must be hittin' 'em high up and far away," I said. "Get some sleep, and y'r eye back?"

"Both of them things," laughs Irish. "Stayed home last night. Lilah is kiddin' Monty Sawyer along, and he was at her house. Got me a night's sleep, and an idea that will help me get 'em safe again."

"Well?" I said.

"Can't tell it. But y'll see me whangin' 'em after a while," he said, and went on in the clubhouse.

FIRST inning, up there hittin' in third place ahead of Jocko, where I've left him in spite of his slump, I have to rub my eyes.

"Hey, Irish," I yelled at him, and piled down to the plate from the third-base coachin' line. "Look, look, wait a minute," I said. "Whatsa big idea of this here bat?"

"Camouflage," says Irish, laughin'. He looks at the stick fondly, and I do the same, popeyed. And then Barney's ketcher wants to grab it and look at it, and Barney's pitcher comes in from the hill and demands to have a see. Barney himself waddles over from his bench, and yells bloody murder. What?

W'y, this bat's a freak. Painted—painted pink, green, and purple in windin' stripes like a barber's pole. The pink and green have black dots, and the purple has white ones!

"Hey, Hank, hey, Hank!" yells Barney. "C'mere. Make 'em throw out this bat. Illegal!"

And Hank looked at it, all Barney's gang crowdin' around.

"Don't know any rule against a player makin' a fool of hisself," says Hank. "If Irish wants to daub his stick, let him."

"Can't hit with any other kind of wood," growls Barney's pitcher.

"I'll protest 'is game!" yells Barney.

"Help y'rself," says Hank.

"Watch me whang 'em with this camouflaged gun," says Irish to Barney's pitcher, a big gooph, name of Augenboom. "Bill"—and he whispers to me—"much obliged for givin' me a lift. Advertisin' was what I needed."

Well, we go to work again after all this excitement. Waldo Blatt is on first, havin' walked there. Irish waggles that fiendish bat around, and when Augenboom grooves the first one, shuts his eyes and swings. Result, a whistlin' triple to deep left. Irish comes into third base, where I'm standin' paralyzed, laughin' like a fool.

"Whatsa big idea?" I said, gettin' outa the way of Augenboom, who's come over to back up the third sacker on the throw from the outfield.

"Don't tell this here pitcher," says Irish, out loud—purposely for Augenboom to get him—"but the idea is, the pitcher can't see this bat. Camouflage, like war stuff. Not seein' that bat, he can't tell whether he's gonna throw the ball past it or not. See?"

We whipped Barney's crowd that day, about a dozen runs to three or four, thanks largely to Irish and his camouflage hittin' piece. He cracks out another triple and two singles before the day is over, and steals a coupla sacks to make it an afternoon. I'm beginning to feel like the war is over and Irish is himself again, when —bang—along in the middle of the game, we get a terrible break. Looks like the worst thing that has happened to the Blues in years.

Waldo Blatt, goin' down for a hard bounder, with a man on first headin' for second, gets a bad bounce and the ball takes him on the right temple. Knocks him cold! Monty Sawyer's coachin' on third base at the time, and he helps sponge off Waldo and pick him up. He studies Waldo close, alla time, but I don't figure why till afterwards. Waldo wanted to make a double killin' and hurried to play a little. Or he'd a taken his time on this hopper, and never knowed it was a bad bounce. He don't know what a bad bounce is, anyhow, usually.

"All right, Waldo?" I said, when he'd stood up and walked around a little.

"Sure," he said.

"Sure?" I asked him, wonderin' who I'd put in his place if he had to drop out.

"Yeah," he grunts. But I can see he's lookin' kinda white around the gills.

WELL, the very next inning, the first guy up for Barney lays another one down to Waldo, also on his right side. He goes after it, fast.

"Get two of 'em!" yells Monty Sawyer, the smart little devil.

That's old stuff, used on rookies. Monty had no idea he'd get anywhere with it, or else he was a darn sight smarter than I ever give him credit for bein'. But what does Waldo Blatt do? W'y, he straightens up halfway, whirls and whistles 'at old leather across second base like he had a chanst to start a double play. Which he hadn't, because nobody was on!

For a smart player, Waldo pulled the biggest boner I've ever lamped anywhere. The hitter pulls up at second base, because, of course, nobody was coverin' the bag for a throw. A hit scores the guy, and Monty lets out that shrill, demon squawk of his—and laughed. Well, it didn't make any difference—that day. Irish and the rest were hittin' home too many runs for us to let Waldo's boner cut any ice-cream cones.

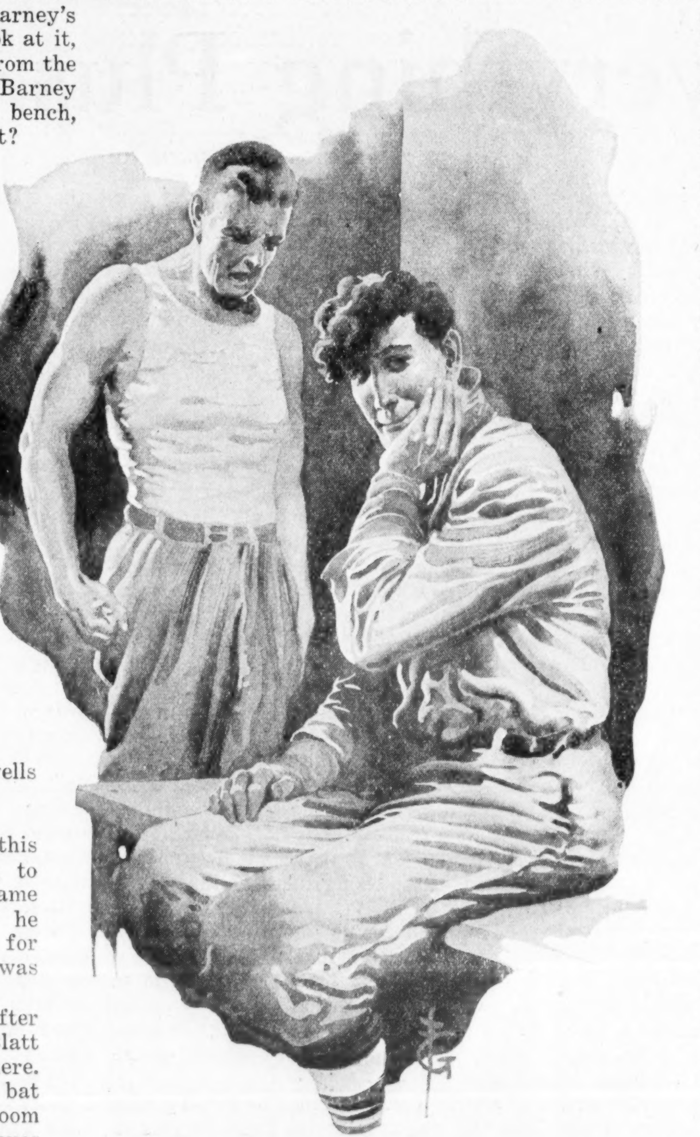
But the next day, after I've talked to Waldo and asked him if he feels all right, the identical thing happens—and Waldo as smart a fieldin' third sacker as there is anywhere! Monty's coachin', the same as before, and again he yells.

"Take two!" he hollers. And once more Waldo whips it over second. A run counts as a result. Monty laughs himself hoarse, and Waldo gets sick over it. We have a devil of a time gettin' that run back, with another one to win by two to one for us. Close call, but here! The Goliaths are comin', and can we afford to go into a crucial series with McGonigle wise to Waldo's weakness? I'll say we can't. To whip them million-dollar bums, we've gotta have ever'thing plus, and sumpin else besides.

"Can't understand it," groans Waldo, all broken up. He's proud of his thinkin' ability. Nobody ever tricked him before, and he don't like bein' made a sucker out of. "Seems like I forget, when a ball comes at me like that."

If y'r third baseman throws the ball away ever' time it comes at him down the base line, y'll lose a lotta ball games. And I've got nobody that knows any more about playin' third base than I know about interest rates in Rumania. Well, I warn Waldo to be careful. Can't bawl him, because

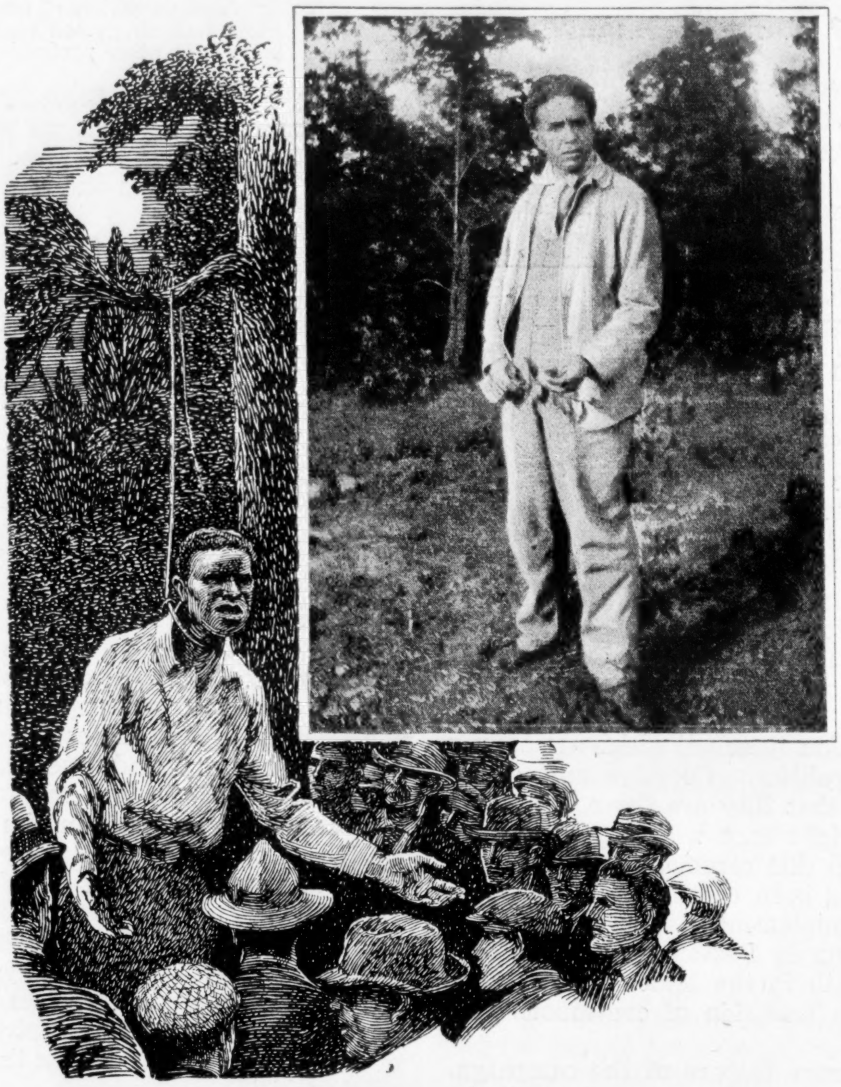
(*Continued on page 26*)



Waldo swung on his chin. Jocko laughs, not wantin' to fight the little guy

He Has No Time to Hate

By W. O. Saunders



Laurence E. Jones, the schoolmaster who teaches in overalls

IT WAS in the feverish days of the war. Down in Mississippi a report got abroad that the Germans were inciting the Negroes of the South to insurrection. There, where the blacks then outnumbered the whites, this was cause for genuine alarm.

A troop of white boys happened one night to ride by a Negro church where a meeting was going on. They stopped and listened. A black man, Laurence Jones, was talking to his people. He was saying: "Life is a battle in which every negro must gird on his armor and fight to survive and succeed." The eavesdroppers heard the words "fight" and "armor." Enough. They rode off, reported what they had heard, added to it, and a mob gathered at the church.

Jones was called out; the boys identified him. The leaders stepped forward and put a noose around his neck. They dragged him a mile or more up the road, the mob recruiting strength as it went, under a tree faggots were piled. The end of the rope was tossed over a limb and Jones flung upon the pile of faggots. The noose tightened around his neck, but someone, thinking the fun still too tame, loosened the rope and ordered Jones to stand on the pyre and make them a speech.

"I never made such a speech in my life," says Jones. "I told them the story of my life and my ambition. I told them of the work I was doing and hoped to do. I told them anecdotes, some to make them laugh, others to make them weep. Finally I told them of white men who knew me and would vouch for me. Then an old Confederate veteran stepped up and said: 'I believe this boy is telling the truth; I know every one of the men whose names he has mentioned.' "

The noose was removed from his neck; a man with tears in his eyes passed a hat around and took up a collection of $50 for Piney Woods Country Life School.

Who is Jones?

Laurence E. Jones was born at St. Joseph, Mo., in 1884. He was educated in the public schools of Iowa and was the only Negro in his class in the high school at Marshallburg. He went to a white man's college and was graduated with honors. He had abounding health, a passion for work, a smile that instantly won friends, and the ability to speak and write entertainingly. He might have been a preacher, a lawyer, a writer, or a business man. But he turned his back on all these things. He had read "Robinson Crusoe" and the life of Booker T. Washington.

By the life of Washington he was fired with zeal to do something for the uplift of his backward people. The story of Robinson Crusoe had opened his eyes to the possibilities in being stranded in a wilderness and making with his own hands everything that he needed. With the successes of Booker T. Washington and Robinson Crusoe to inspire him, Lawrence Jones put the best of civilization behind him and headed for the Black Belt of Mississippi.

HE ARRIVED at Jackson, Miss., fifteen years ago, without a penny in his pockets. Pawning his watch for $2.50, he bought a ticket for Braxton, a station in the wilderness twenty-three miles below Jackson, and there he worked and labored among the most ignorant, poverty-stricken, squalid, and superstitious of his race for two years, talking to them about the good of education and trying to interest them in the beginning of a school. There were 14,294 Negroes in Rankin County where he settled, and across the line in Simpson County were 5,969 more. A blacker, smellier, more burr-headed and more densely ignorant group of Negroes existed nowhere in America.

With a noose around his neck and facing an angry mob, Laurence E. Jones made a speech. And it was a good one. At first his hearers only laughed. They ended by giving him $50 and letting him go. To-day, like other similarly fearless, self-sacrificing men, Jones is trying to make the race problem a thing of the past. He is doing it through sensible education.

For two years Laurence Jones labored with these humble black folks without success. Then one day on a hillside he opened school. He had seen that getting a building to start in was out of the question, so there on a hillside, under the low-spreading branches of a venerable cedar, he opened his school.

Gradually the Negroes developed interest in education and faith in their new leader. The cedar tree stood on lands belonging to Ed Taylor, an exslave. Near by was a tumble-down log cabin inhabited by owls and bats. Old Ed had been up No'th and he had seen what education could do. He not only presently gave Jones 40 acres of his woodland, but $50 in cash besides. With this $50 Jones put a roof on the cabin, and the first building unit of Piney Woods Country Life School was dedicated in 1910.

The rest was comparatively easy. To-day Jones counts as his friends the best white families in that part of Mississippi.

"The best Southern white men are the Negro's best friends," says Jones "and the only reason they haven't expressed their friendship for the Negro by giving him education is that the Negro himself hasn't wanted education and the white people just naturally fell into the opinion that he didn't need it and couldn't make use of it."

Piney Woods School never closes; to make every moment count the summer students arise at four o'clock in the morning and are in class at five. After 7 A. M. Jones releases them from classes and puts them to work in shop and field. At noon they rest and take a nap, going back to shop and field later in the afternoon and working until sundown.

I visited Piney Woods Country Life School at Braxton on Commencement Day. The student band played a lively air while 200-odd students in double file marched into the auditorium. The students were paired off male and female. First came the graduating class. The girls were dressed in new, dainty, hand-embroidered muslin dresses. The boys wore overalls and denim shirts that had been immaculately laundered.

I FOLLOWED the crowd into the auditorium, and beheld something new in commencement exercises. The stage and a platform in front of the stage represented a hive of industry. There were a sewing machine, a typewriter, an adding machine, a miniature store with its scales and cash register; a cream separator and churn, a hand loom, laundry devices, a forge, bricks and mortar, lumber and carpenter's tools, a pile of corn shucks, a bottomless chair, a model kitchen, and a homemade electric light and water plant.

The graduating class went to work. One girl prepared and cooked a meal, another made a dress, another took the pile of corn shucks and wove them into a seat for the bottomless chair. Other girls busied themselves in the making of a rag rug. Others washed and ironed, wrought wonderful baskets out of pine needles, or with clays and colored wax converted fruit jars and old bottles into colorful decorative objects to brighten humble homes.

The boys in overalls took the bricks and mortar and made them into an ornamental fireplace, and with sand and cement made more bricks. Another fashioned a horseshoe at the roaring forge and shod a mule. Another milked a cow, others separated the cream from the milk and churned it into butter.

A black, woolly-headed boy started up his homemade electric light and water plant. Water poured from the pumps and forty 50-watt bulbs in the auditorium glowed with unflickering light. The boy's name was Jasper McAfee. He had built his plant from a scrapped automobile engine, an old concrete mixer, and a discarded generator.

A small, compact, straight-limbed sinewy Negro in overalls addressed the audience. He told how from humble beginnings Piney Woods Country Life School had grown to an institution with buildings valued at more than $100,000 and with 1,500 acres of land of its own. The brick in five of the buildings was made and the buildings erected by student labor with outside help. The speaker was Laurence E. Jones, principal of the school. He spoke briefly, modestly; nothing in his speech indicated the real story of his career.

Through this Piney Woods Country School, Laurence E. Jones is carrying 300-odd boys and girls, sending them out as teachers and home builders, equipped to do for themselves and show their less fortunate kind how to do. With the help of his wife, he has carried extension work into every county in the Black Belt, and Mrs. Jones has organized thousands of Negro men in club work for better schools, better homes, better living and race progress for every Negro in Mississippi.

There have been troublous days, yes, and Jones has endured many injustices with a patience as sublime as that he revealed when he came so near being lynched. But he wins in every crisis. With his boyish smile he tells you: "I have no time to quarrel, no time for regrets; and no man can make me stoop so low as to make me hate him."

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AUGUST 30, 1924

In September You Listen; in November You Speak

The oratory days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of windy wails and naked bunk and hokum flat and drear.

IF THERE were a Voters' Almanac it would say of this last week In August: About now get your antenna restrung and your battery charged; change tubes and tuning coils.

The big winds are about to blow. On September 1st the campaign really gets going. In the next eight weeks millions who never used to go down to the depot to hear a rear-platform speech will sit at the radio and listen in on the candidates, and perhaps now and then get the satisfaction of shouting back at the loud speaker, "Is that so?"

Already we have had the notification speeches, which are among the phenomena of our American politics. Coolidge and Davis have at last been positively assured that they are the nominees of their parties. Each of them came right back with a good speech. La Follette, truly radical, passed up this ceremony and took the word of the newspapers that he had been chosen. But he plans to make six or eight set speeches, supplemented by radio talks, in the next few weeks. Wheeler opens in Boston next week, and Dawes is about to go on the warpath in the Middle West. Nor will Brother Charley fail the Bryan tradition of continuous talk in vertical posture.

Oratory, however, may be the lesser feature of the campaign. Two investigating committees are getting down to work at Washington, and they may turn out to be rude hecklers.

September 2d is the date set by Senator Couzens for the first hearings on the conduct of the Internal Revenue Bureau. That means income-tax collection. It means, further, prohibition enforcement. William Allen White has said that it means "throwing Mellon to the lions" and "that he will be chewed up during the campaign is certain." Senator Jim Watson tried to squelch the investigation, but failed. So he resigned as chairman and Couzens carries on. He promises that "the committee is going into the matter with an entirely open mind."

The other investigation, headed by Senator Borah, is of campaign contributions. Beginning September 1st, the campaign committees are asked to report every ten days the money collected, and names of contributors. Remembering from 1920 the evil effects of money upon the political aspirations of Leonard Wood and Governor Lowden, all mendicants had better watch their step. This year let's have no gossip and no secrecy; just the plain truth.

September holds promise of still further animation. There remain sixteen states in which congressional primaries are to be held. Every seat in the House and thirty-two in the Senate are to be filled. The Progressives are fighting all along the line, and the old parties are searching their ranks to bring out the likeliest defenders.

Altogether a sprightly month and an instructive one. Tune your radio and read your paper. Remember, this is to be the Year of the Big Vote, and our votes have got to be made ready.

Who's Whose Son?

THE big red book about people who have Done Things is out again. Our proof reader clasps it to his bosom with glad welcome. His function is to tell the editors what's what, and one of his richest deposits of infallibility is "Who's Who."

The statisticians also, those demon averagers and end-to-end layers, find in it food for their harmless gossip. From one of them we glean the following facts about the 25,357 people whose names are listed in the 1924 edition:

1. Born on the farm or in small towns, 75 per cent.
2. College men and women, 77 per cent.
3. High-school trained, 14 per cent.
4. Elementary schools only, 9 per cent.
5. Sons and daughters of business and professional men, 70 per cent.
6. Sons and daughters of farmers, 25 per cent.
7. Sons and daughters of unskilled laborers, less than 1 per cent.
8. Protestant clergymen were fathers of twice as many eminent persons as other professional men.

To generalize from these figures would be unsafe and unkind, as, for example, to say that we want as progenitors more clergymen and fewer unskilled laborers. But there seems to be no denying the evidence for more and higher education.

"Not Servants, But Friends"

IN THE recent death of John J. Eagan of Atlanta, America has lost a citizen who incarnated that spirit of service which can break down both race and class misunderstandings.

A generous profit-sharing plan was inaugurated by Mr. Eagan in the American Cast Iron Pipe Company, of which he was president. This provided that after a fair living wage had been paid to workers and a six per cent dividend to stockholders, the remaining profits should be divided between management and employees.

Mr. Eagan believed that the workers should have a real share in the direction of policies at every point. "Not servants, but friends" became his ideal. Two representatives of labor, chosen by the workers themselves, served as directors of the corporation, with every power that was vested in the representatives of capital.

Just before the sickness that caused his death, Mr. Eagan began to plan for the direct representation of the public also—the community which gave the corporation its life, and which capital and labor were alike bound to serve.

But not only to his employees was Mr. Eagan a friend. His colored neighbors found in him a sympathizer and ally. In Atlanta he took the lead in developing a plan of coöperation between the white and negro churches that furnished the foundation of the interracial movement to give the negroes better educational facilities and opportunities for self-development.

Over against the current cynicism as to the possibility of bridging the gulf between races, as between classes, stands the work of John J. Eagan, testifying that the problem can be solved by the use of the principle contained in the old command: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Trees as Patriots

LUMBER prices have trebled within thirty years; wood uses have increased until the Forest Service lists fifteen hundred specialized wood products demands. The United States uses 1,600,000 carloads of lumber a year, paying $275,000,000 freight thereon. Fully 95 per cent of all the houses of America are wood-built. To do all this we're cutting and burning forests five times as fast as they now grow.

The French national forests, planted a century ago, saved the allies from a crushing, terrible defeat. Trees in some form save every American home from practical annihilation, every day. Trees are good patriots; they never "lay down" on the job.

One might go out into a field and shout patriotism until he burst, and it wouldn't carry as far as the first fence. But if he'd plant a dozen good trees instead of talking aimlessly they would grow up to build houses for all his great-grandchildren after he's dead.

Trees planted now will save the America of the next century.

"Like Patience on a Monument, Smiling at Grief"

THE opponents of the Children's Amendment, according to Dr. Calvin S. Slagle of Baltimore,

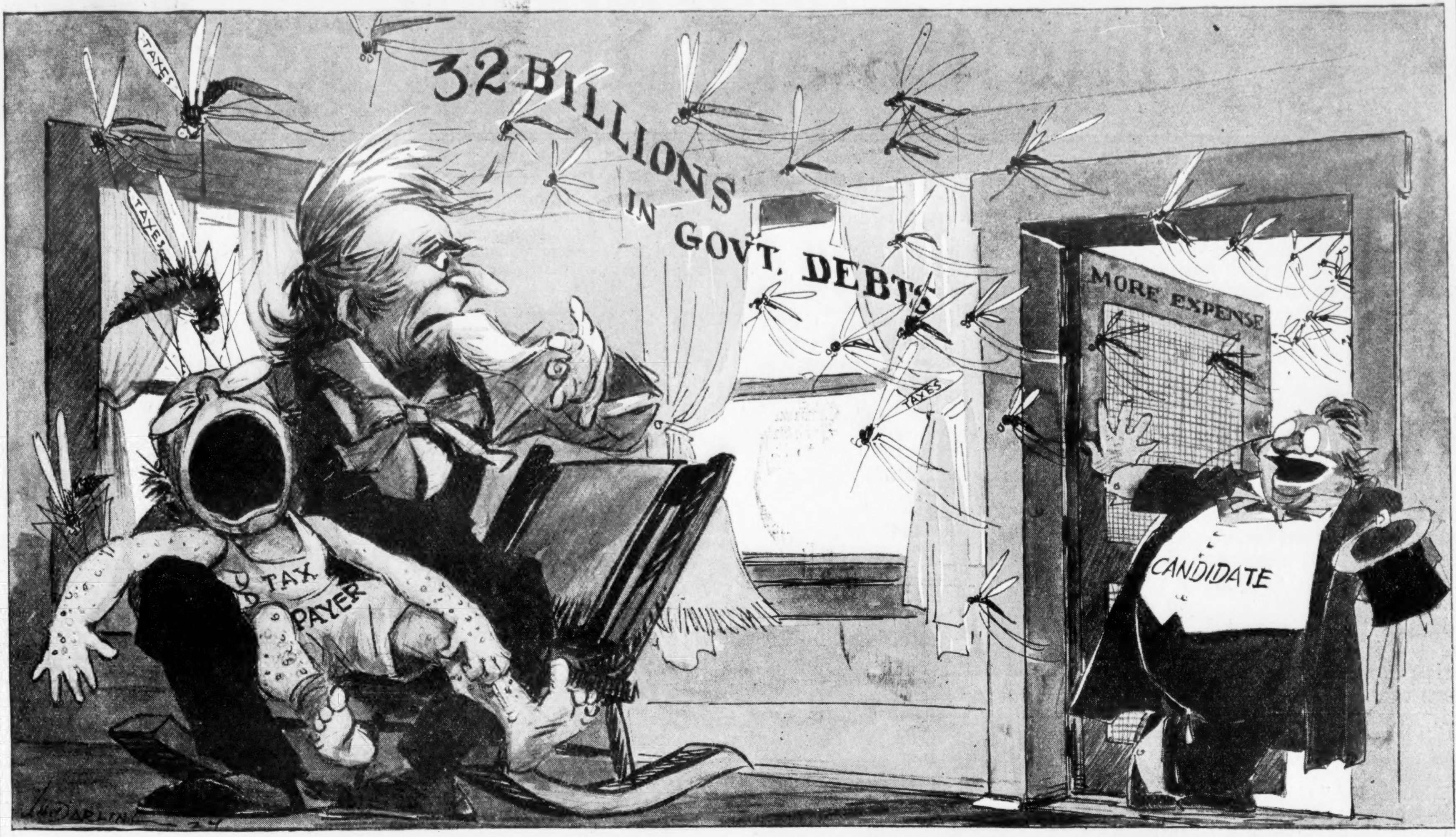
> . . . are confident that with time and patience and persistent work the evils of child labor will continue to be lessened without this amendment to the Constitution.

Bosh! and for shame! The evils of child labor are not to be "lessened." They are to be stopped.

"Time and patience" indeed, while a million little children keep on slaving, spending health, missing school, longing for play! Comfortable grown-ups can afford to be patient. Toiling children have no votes, no voice.

And what good does "persistent work" do when Georgia, with twenty per cent of her children between ten and fifteen at work for ten hours a day or more, is the first state to reject the amendment?

"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" No!



"Get out of the doorway and shut that screen or don't talk to us about our vote!"

"State Salary"

By Stephen Leacock

IT IS evident from the advertising columns of any daily paper in the United States or Canada that the present time is the open season for high-school teachers and for barbers.

I see by the columns of my own home journal that they are needing a teacher, for English, history, and French, at the Madoc High School and they are wanting a barber at the Carls-Rite Hotel in Toronto. The Port Arthur Collegiate Institute is asking for a first-class man in art and physical culture, and at Box 470, Toronto, they can take on a good man if experienced in bobbing ladies' hair. There is an opening on Queen Street, Hamilton, Ont., for a first-class man who can bring his own tools; and at the very same time there is a chance in Pembroke, Ont., for anyone who happens to be qualified in mathematics, classics, and physical culture, whether he is male or female.

In other words, in both these professions the demand is brisk and the standard is high. They want good men and they want them now.

But there is this difference: In the case of the teachers they want the applicants to "state salary." In the case of the barbers they don't. The barbers constitute an organized profession whose members are, for the most part, level-headed men (they clip them level), able to look after themselves. There is no use in trying to beat them down. The employer knows what he has to pay, and he pays it. He doesn't *want* to pay the highest wages that his business will bear, but he *has* to.

With the teachers the case is different. They are not level-headed men. If they were, they wouldn't be teachers. They are—at least at the outset of their career—harmless idealists for whom learning and teaching are things good for their own sake. Under these conditions they never organize, they never strike, they never quit. They just take what is given to them and wish it were more; live on it if they can and die on it if they can't.

To such an applicant comes the school trustee with his brutal challenge to "state salary."

State it? State the *least* he will take? Why, the poor fellow wouldn't *dare* to state it. It would sound so pitiably small that even a trustee would laugh. But the applicant states it as low as he dares, and the lowest wins.

Is it not obvious that such a situation is grossly unfair? That it would be infinitely more fitting for self-respecting trustees to name the sum, the utmost sum, that they are prepared and able to pay and then select the best man at that figure? That's the system in all the best barber shops in the country. It is that that puts our hair-cutting on the high level where it is. And that ought to be the system in the teaching profession.

I am well aware that in some states in the Union and in some places in Canada it is now the practice for the trustees to "state the salary," and the injustice no longer exists. There are honorable exceptions in the home paper lying here before me. But in most cases the rule is the other way.

We talk much of the nobility of the teaching profession. Yet the men are leaving it as the rats leave a doomed ship. And the women will leave it too, just as soon as they can. We talk of elevating the status of the teacher and raising his pay. And yet the moment any group of us has to hire a teacher we confront him with the cruel challenge to "state his salary." We offer him a one-sided bargain, a Dutch auction in which we take a bet on the extent of his adversity.

An injustice such as this needs only publicity and public opinion to make an end of it. Each word said on such a grievance helps to remove it.

For my own part, I speak of it with an accumulated bitterness of some thirty-five years' standing. Just about that many years ago a board of trustees challenged me to state the lowest salary I would take. I stated it and the low pups gave it to me. They are dead now, no doubt deservedly, and it is not fitting to speak ill of them. But what they did to me made me feel that I would like to "write to the paper" about it, and so I have done so.

In Praise of a Fool

WE KNOW a man who makes a living by being a fool. He is a first-class clown and a national blessing, a person worth more to his country than many of its most pretentious personages. The antic misdoings of a statesman, for instance, may become a burden unto the third and fourth generation, while the antic misdoings of a clown are an immense and immediate relief.

Whoever laughs is on vacation: he has escaped the usual, he has a large free moment of release. And though the last thing that a genuine jester thinks of is to be useful, the first thing that he does is utterly useful—a clown is a physician: he makes men laugh.

Walter Camp's Sport Page

A Good Olympic Idea

THE suggestion from abroad to limit future Olympic entries to two men from each nation for each event is an excellent one. Other nations now feel that the United States, strong both in the quality and quantity of its athletes, has a strangle hold on the Olympic championship. We are also better able to finance Olympic invasions. Lack of funds, for example, forced the Finns this year to leave behind a number of potential point winners. With the entries limited to two men per nation the final result would be more a question of quality than quantity.

Even at such a test I believe the United States would be victorious, but the games would be more of a sporting venture than they are at present.

"I Have a Boy"

"I have a boy," G. R. H. writes, "who is just about at the stage where athletics are going to claim a large part of his attention. Have you any general advice to offer as to how his activities should be directed, if at all."

I would advise G. R. H. first to direct the boy's attention to team athletics. I don't mean that such individual sports as golf and tennis should be barred, but the athletic youngster who goes through high school and college without having known the thrill of working with a team for a common cause has missed a precious gift that sport has to offer its followers.

I would advise the son of G. R. H. to develop the lengthy and supple muscle rather than the bulky, binding type. I would advise him to develop lean legs, strong and flexible trunk muscles, and a heart and lungs made fit to do their job right by generous supplies of clean air. Chest capacity, not huge pectoral shoulders and muscles, should be striven for. Arms need no special attention, for if these other things are cared for they will develop normally.

Above all I would, if I were G. R. H., develop in the boy a true love of the game just for the sake of the game and a feeling of pride in the possession of a keen and perfectly fit body. Give him these things and when he goes into the world alone he will have nothing to fear.

* * *

Bartley Madden, beaten by Harry Wills, is complaining bitterly because he is denied a chance against Dempsey. Suddenly it seems to have become a very quaint world. Since when has it been customary for the man who ran last in the trial heats to be given a place in the finals?

The Spoofers

"I'd practice and get my score under a hundred if I only had time. I'd take the exercise I know I need if I only had time." Lack of time is generally nothing more than an alibi, for the busiest men are always those who seem to have just a little extra time to accomplish the things they know should be done. The man who spends a great deal of his time telling others how rushed he is for time isn't spoofing anybody but himself.

I know the president of one of the largest banks in the world who never misses his Daily Dozen and who finds time for an occasional round of golf.

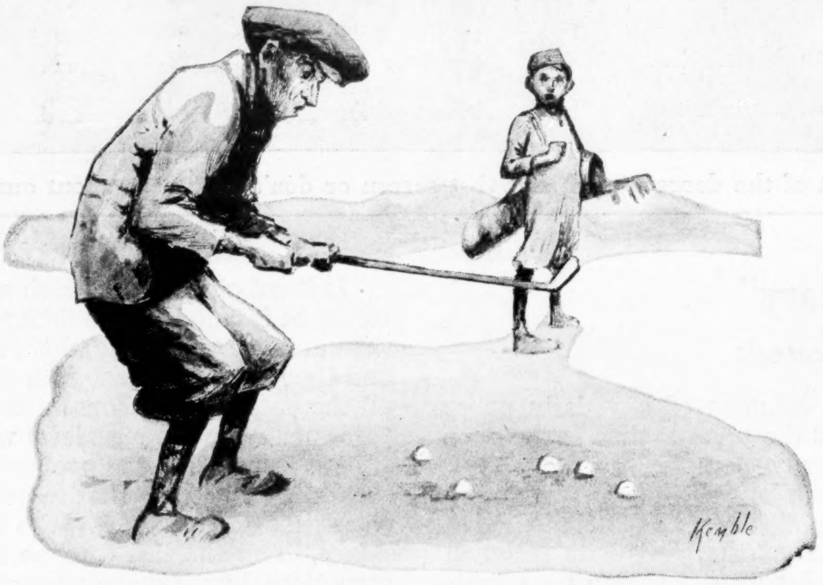
All of which is reminiscent of the comment by F. P. A. in the New York "World" concerning the oldest newspaper man in the world, a Frenchman who had passed the century mark. This ancient journalist, it seems, still planned to write a great novel some day when he could find the time to get down to it.

* * *

Knocking an opponent can be a useful pastime, always provided the knocking is done in a twenty-foot ring.

What's in a Price?

John McGraw paid $75,000 for Jimmy O'Connell. He parted with only $5,000 to secure "Hack" Wilson from a Class B League. At the training camp Wilson was one of those young fellows who were just around. O'Connell was in the headlines of every sport page. To-day O'Connell is on the bench and Wilson, batting over .300, is the sensation of the National League. The price of a ball player doesn't always seem to indicate his value.



"Aw, come on, Boss, don't play none o' them. They're mushrooms"

Dempsey's Perfect Condition

In an automobile accident Jack Dempsey dislocated his right elbow, suffered cuts and abrasions on his legs and head and strained ligaments in his back and neck. Immediately after the accident Dr. Clair Wilson of Los Angeles examined the champion and predicted immediate and complete recovery.

"Dempsey's recuperation," Dr. Wilson said, "will be an example of what can be done by a body that is kept in perfect condition at all times."

Excepting only hopeless cripples and those suffering from incurable diseases, anybody, with proper attention to diet and ten minutes a day of the right sort of exercises, can achieve and maintain perfect bodily condition, and such condition means that he will be able to repel the attacks of both physical and mental ailments. Why, then, isn't everybody in first-class physical condition? Again the answer is that practically all of us get just what we really want to get.

* * *

Learning to take a beating is one of the first necessary lessons in sport except for a single exception. If you learn to take lickings from yourself, striving for victories in other fields will be only a futile pastime. If you can't lick yourself, nobody will have much trouble with you as an opponent.

The Conibear Stroke

Soon after Ed Leader's engagement by the Yale rowing authorities, this page predicted that the introduction of the Washington stroke, as originated by Hiram Conibear, would not only revolutionize Eastern rowing but would in addition cause an upset among the coaching talent and force Harvard to go out to Washington for a rowing coach from this school. The announcement has just been made by the Harvard authorities of the engagement of Fred W. Spuhn, the Number Seven in the Washington crew, which won at Poughkeepsie. Whether Stevens, the Washington-Cornell product, will remain is still a question, but he did excellent work there this season and developed a crew that against anything but the Leader eight would in June have been more formidable.

Meantime Leader and his Yale eight have gone on with their triumphs, having sandwiched into their four-mile preparation on the Thames a jaunt to Philadelphia, where they cleaned up the Navy and other boatloads in the Olympic tryouts, and returned to Gales Ferry in season to polish off the Crimson crew. Now they have completed their year of 1924 by journeying to Paris and showing the stern of their shell to the pick of the crews of the world at 2,000 meters! Would that old Hiram Conibear had lived to see the triumph of his pupil, Ed Leader!

* * *

The ability to come from behind is a winning asset, but no betting man will hiss when an entry gets out in front at the start and stays there.

"The Boston Siege Gun"

Jesse Guilford, a tremendous hitter from the tees, is popularly known in golf as "The Boston Siege Gun." It is his driver that draws the amazed gasps from the gallery, but it is the Guilford putter that wins his championships. No siege gun can bring down par scores if said gun also happens to be afflicted with motor-boat putting. Guilford recently turned in a record score of 64, 7 strokes under par, at his home club, and perfect putting was the main explanation of that miraculous round.

The Great Johnson

IF THE disposition of the American League pennant could be decided by vote there isn't much doubt that Washington would be elected this year. A fine sentiment would be back of the election, for every baseball fan in the country would like to see Walter Johnson rewarded at last with a world series chance.

Johnson is as fine a figure as the game has ever known, always giving the best he has had to a losing cause. In 1920 I saw him pitch a perfect game, a game that he lost when five errors in the eighth inning let in three runs. As those runs came in Johnson threw back his head and laughed. Superlatives have been exhausted in praising Johnson's speed, but to me his laughter that day was the true test of his greatness.

Youth Takes a Back Seat

Youth, according to an ancient rumor, will be served. "But only for the first five miles" is an addition of such elderly stalwarts as Stenroos, Kohlemainen, and De Mar. The fact that these men, all close to forty, have the stamina for the Marathon distance denied their more youthful competitors is proof that the years can offer benefits as well as penalties. Always provided of course that such details as clean living and strict attention to training rules are attended to.

The showing of these elderly gentlemen is also proof of the value of running in building up the strength of heart, lungs, and muscles.

Paste This on Your Bag

"I didn't have any time to think about the 11th hole when I was playing the 10th. I had to figure out every shot for what it was worth, letting the next shot take care of itself when it came time to play that shot. The putter was the best club I had in my bag."

The above statement may take on added significance when it is credited to Walter Hagen as an explanation of his victory in the British open golf championship in June. As a philosophy of winning golf it might with profit be pasted on the bags of all of us who want to improve our scores.

Once Upon a Time

She was a graduate of Wellesley. She was attractive. She was interested in sports and played golf. He was charmed. A romance seemed to be developing, until he asked what her average golf score was.

"At Wellesley," she replied casually, "I was generally around in 74 or 75."

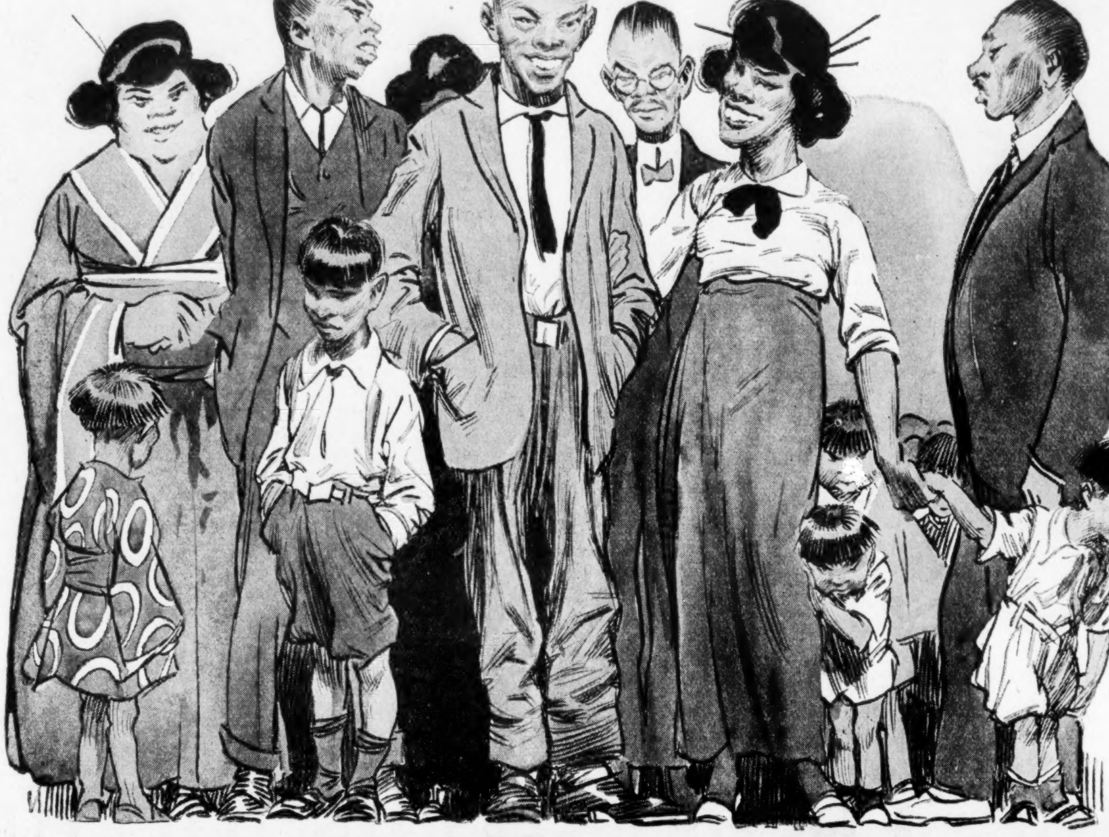
As one who had only occasionally broken 90 he shuddered. Could he, a man, stand lifelong comparison with such a star?

The development of the romance was halted abruptly. Then he discovered that the Wellesley golf course is a nine-hole course, and they lived happily ever after.

Climbin' Up the Golden Gate

Uncle Henry Finds California's Wild Life Peppier Than Its Climate

DEAR ALONZO:
Take a tip from me and sell all your Nordic stock, for my California visit has convinced me that there's no hope of stopping the onward march of the indomitable Nipponese. Inside of ten years the scientific societies of Tokio will be scouring the canebrakes of Mississippi in search of an American for museum purposes, and uniformed attendants will be warning Japanese children not to feed too many peanuts to Lloyd George. W. R. Hearst may put up a bold front, but I understand he's already selected a remote cave in the high Sierras and is stocking it with roots and herbs.



A Jap bachelor can slip into town late of a Thursday night and by Sunday have a wife, children, cousins, uncles, father-in-law, and aunts

As you know, Japs haven't been coming into the United States since the "gentleman's agreement" back there in 1907. No question that this faith has been kept, for when the Senate recently expressed a doubt, didn't ten thousand Samurai go out and fall on their grandfathers' swords? Even though all were saved by belt buckles, failure cannot take away from the sincerity of their indignation. And yet, 'Lonzo, in face of the fact that there has been no immigration whatsoever, it's nothing for the Jap population in California to double and treble overnight.

This is the new and terrifying menace that the Caucasian is up against. Even the fish hatcheries can offer no explanation of the mystery, and although the fire-insurance companies have loaned the state their experts on spontaneous combustion, the secret has not been discovered. A Californian will retire at night, happy in the thought that there isn't a Jap within thirty miles, and by morning the whole landscape is black with Little Brown Brothers, sucking in all the available air and busily engaged in cutting up a grain of rice for their morning meal.

A Flea Beats a Murder

HOW can Americans hope to meet this sort of competition? Even when not interfered with by Reno and Pekinese, the manufacture of a family is still a long and laborious process here in the United States. On the other hand, a Jap bachelor can slip into a California town late of a Thursday night, say, and by Sunday evening he's got a wife, thirty-three children, twenty cousins, thirteen uncles, seventeen fathers-in-law, and enough aunts to take the place of a tractor plow. No wonder the Californians are desperate. They've tried every kind of fly screen, and as a last resort are going to send for Margaret Sanger.

What gives an added touch of hopelessness to the situation is a sad and regrettable lack of unity on the part of Californians themselves. I always thought that Kansas and Missouri, Bryan and Wall Street, St. Paul and Minneapolis, afforded examples of rather bitter feeling, but these rivalries are passionate love affairs compared to the feud between southern and northern California. The only bonds between the two sections are those they sometimes give to keep the peace and even their Christmas greetings to each other are barred from the mails.

When a San Franciscan gets pulled down by the ravages of typhoid fever, he kills himself for fear tourists will think that he's from Los Angeles, and if an inmate of the south has to visit San Francisco he takes four different inoculations and even then is quarantined when he gets back home. Heaven knows what the homicide rate would be but for the distraction provided by the fleas. Even a pastime like murder can't completely engross when a California flea packs up and sets out on the grand tour.

Personally I think that each section has its advantages. Northern California has more game, but Los Angeles is not without its wild life by any means, and while the San Francisco region may advertise itself as the Sportsman's Paradise, there's also good shooting in Hollywood. To be sure, Los Angeles has the best of it so far as being a movie center goes, but San Francisco has several hundred jurors and witnesses in training, and hopes to have a Hollywood of her own very shortly. San Francisco has the seedless orange, but Los Angeles has the orangeless seed, and while a San Franciscan can get to his work by merely falling off a hill, in Los Angeles you don't have to go to work.

In spite of this fair division, the rivalry grows in bitterness. Even the foot-and-mouth disease, now scouring the state, has had no power to draw the two cities together. San Francisco blames the plague on Los Angeles entirely, and insists that the only way to check its spread is to shoot everybody in southern California, while Los Angeles insists that the pestilence was never heard of until San Francisco developed Hiram Johnson. Whatever the cause, I'm afraid it's lost the Democrats all chance to carry California this fall, for nobody out here wants to run the risk of another such epidemic.

If San Francisco advertises fishing as an attraction to tourists, Los Angeles sends up an angler at night and steals the trout. San Francisco dispatches a vigilance committee to get it back, and, as a result, it won't be long before there isn't any fishing at all in California. Even the hardiest trout in the world can't stand such continuous train travel, and I hear that Ferdinand, despite a naturally strong constitution, is beginning to show signs of strain. By way of reprisal San Francisco is making a drive at southern California's leading industry. Every day at the noon hour, when the cafeterias are crowded, airplanes sail over Los Angeles dropping leaflets that read, "Come to San Francisco, where you can eat sitting down."

The Sea is the Limit

IT IS with respect to size, however, that the battle rages fiercest. Already such a reign of terror exists that every California town and village has moved back into the hills to escape incorporation in either Los Angeles or San Francisco, and bands of census takers roam the desert, hunting for stray Indians and not disdaining prairie dogs. When Los Angeles counts the whole of Iowa as part of her population, claiming that their coming has merely been delayed, San Francisco includes all of Nevada in her census, insisting that the people there started for the Golden Gate originally, and should not have the stopover held against them.

When San Francisco takes in Klamath Lake for a municipal bird bath, Los Angeles incorporates the Mohave Desert as a sand pit for her public golf course. The whole business is liable to have grave international consequences, for when Los Angeles, eighteen miles inland, runs the city limits to the sea in order to call itself a port, what's to prevent Topeka from seizing some unfortified town like Brooklyn?

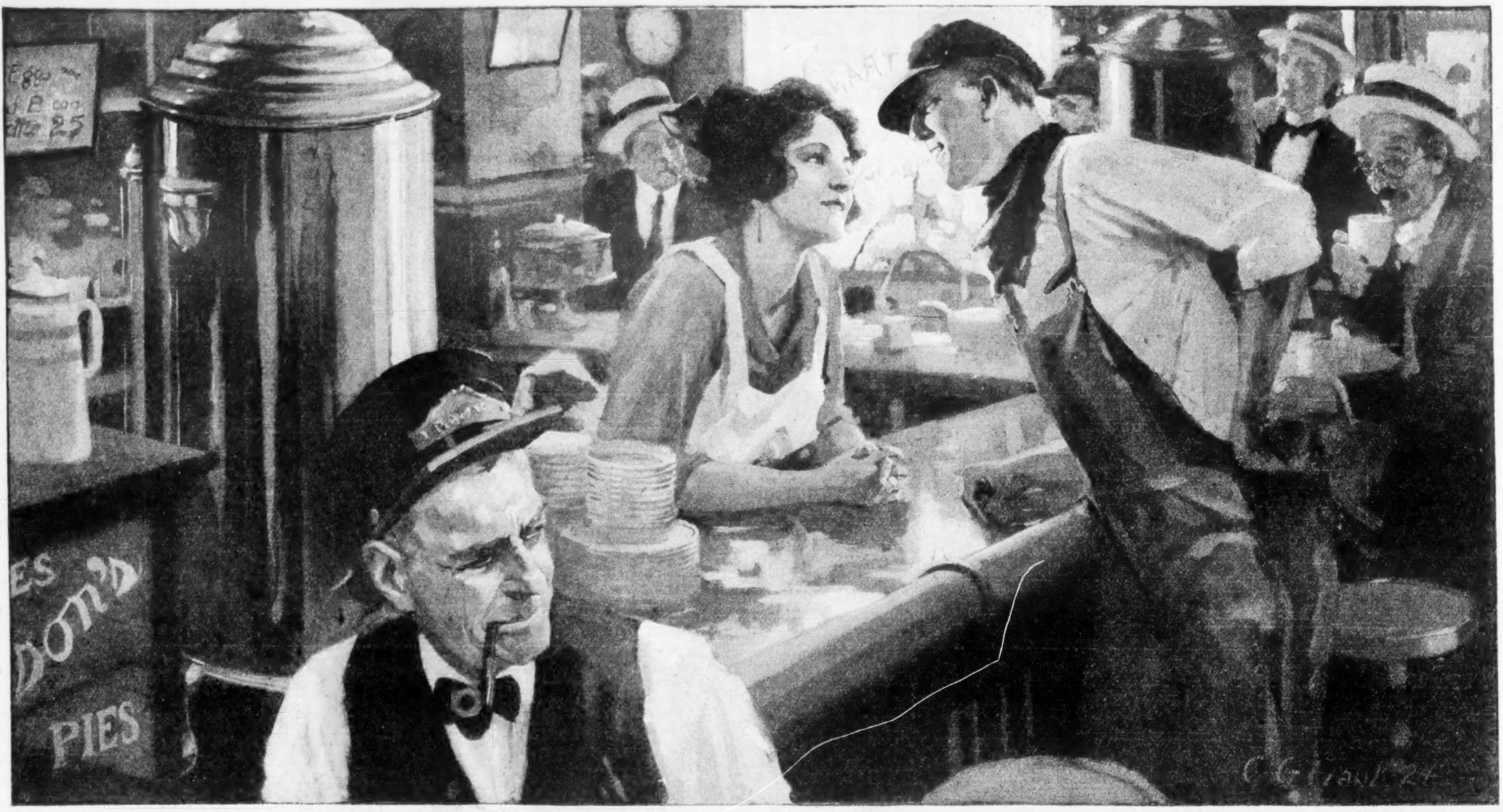
However, there's one thing upon which the rivals are in agreement, and that's the climate. Local pride is certainly a queer thing. To hear Bostonians talk, you'd think that Bunker Hill was something that they sat up nights to make and Colorado acts as if Pike's Peak had been won in open competition. There isn't a native Californian, especially if he comes from Iowa, that doesn't give the impression that the climate is a reward of merit, much as though the Almighty had gone from state to state before deciding where to place it.

The Face in the Fog

AS a matter of fact, San Francisco is the only city that has any right to talk about climate, or, to put it more truthfully, climates. It's a peevish sort of person this town can't suit, for in the course of a day it provides almost every known brand. In the morning the fog is so thick you can't tell whether it's your own face you are washing, unless, of course, you've got a beard or a wen. By ten the weather has moderated sufficiently for you to hitch up your dogs to the sled, and after checking up to see that you've got plenty of pemmican and an extra pair of sealskin breeches, it's safe to venture downtown. By noon you're liable to be wearing nothing but a union suit, and at three o'clock the water front is crowded with people hunting for sailors to tattoo clothes on 'em. At night it's almost impossible to hear the radio on account of people breaking up their furniture to make fires with.

However, I should worry. Unless the real-estate men double their guards and set a watch on all trains, I'll be home almost as soon as this letter. While there are still two Californians that haven't asked me what I think of the climate, I don't feel called upon to wait around until they get over the lockjaw.

HENRY.



Millie was "Jim Holden's girl." You could tell by the way she looked at him when he came coasting in

Millie Turner Waits for Jim

By Charles Merz

Illustration by C. G. Gaul

MILLIE TURNER was a waitress when this chapter of her life began. She worked behind the counter in the depot lunch-room of the C. L. & B. She didn't have the olive eyes and oriental grace of Cho-Cho-San. But she was young, slim, pert, and even-tempered, with a pair of eyes of such a thought-suspending blue that more than one incoming passenger in a rush for coffee and a slice of ham forgot his haste and stayed for porterhouse, French fried, and custard cake before his meal was done.

Millie's hair was black, midnight sort of black; she combed it flat across her head with a thin gleam of white skin up the center and a Spanish comb stuck up behind as rakishly as if the signboard on this station read "Seville." Sometimes No. 9, which stops at Centerville to let the passengers dismount for lunch, would have to whistle twice to get the male contingent back again. "Don't care how much they eat," the brakeman would observe. "Eastbound local! Hillside, Creston, Church's Ferry, Centerton, Endicott, all aboard!"

More than likely Millie Turner's charms were rated at full value by patrons of the line. There were traveling salesmen who came this way on principle, whenever shirts or overshoes could bring them within striking distance of the town. In the station Judson Clark, the baggage man, was no better than the rest of them. He used to keep his ticket-punch in a drawer of Millie Turner's counter, so he could come out there to get it when a trunk arrived.

Even old Sam Cole, the station master (the one redeeming feature of whose job it was to dispose of tickets as unobligingly as possible and snap back: "Look it up in the time-table—what're your eyes for," if customers asked him when a train was due), would lock the brass bars of his window and come from his cage with a face that was wreathed in smiles, to get his luncheon.

If ever a railway station had a queen, Millie Turner sat on the throne in Centerville. And like a queen she took this admiration lightly. Too sternly virtuous, her suitors found her. But old Sam Cole took note—and his colleague in the baggage-room might likewise have observed, had his own eyes not been quite so dimmed by his infatuation—that there was one traveler upon whom Millie Turner looked with animation. Eastbound No. 7, which goes through Centerville at 11:36 a. m. and comes back west as No. 32 at supper time, was more important than most trains. In its engine cabin rode a curly-headed fireman.

FOR a year or two he'd had this run: a young fellow of twenty-eight or thereabouts—rather quiet; handsome in an offhand way; trademarked with his job by streaks of coal dust on his cheeks and just behind his ears; a red handkerchief tucked in around a throat that Rodin might have chiseled from a somewhat dirty stone. Up and down the line he was a favorite, but Centerville was his only port of call. Before the brakes had caught he'd swing himself aground, and with momentum borrowed from the wheels come charging to the station. Woe betide the hungry on trains 32 and 7. Millie Turner had no time for traveling salesmen now. She'd lean across the counter, blue eyes sparkling like the polished handles on her coffee urn, and watch this yellow-headed god of hers eat pie.

Lemon custard he liked best. Millie would start to get it ready when 32 began to whistle in the yards, a soup plate upside down on top of it to keep the flies away. Loungers in the lunch-room didn't have much doubt that Millie was "Jim Holden's girl." You could tell, they said, from the way she looked at him when he came coasting in.

Jim Holden lived two stations up the line. He came to Centerville on Fridays; that was his off day for the week; and sometimes, when she could get her sister to fill in for her, Millie would go away with him. They'd use a railway pass and try the city for a vaudeville in winter time—go down to Lake Grove Park in summer for an evening on the roller coaster. One time, in spring, they went to the city, shopping. Jim wouldn't let his lady look when they went in the jeweler's store. It was a tie clasp he wanted, he declared; his four-in-hand was always coming loose and flapping in his face. They had those little clamps with teeth on them that bit into the goods.

But when they left the store again Jim brought a ring with him. "Look here, it didn't cost so much," he said in self-defense. "They've got a sale on now. And maybe you can find some place to put the thing."

That was the way Jim Holden sought a bride. Next day when Millie Turner brought the waffles to her guests, a sparkle on one finger broke the news.

Madam Butterfly, if you remember, didn't know until one morning when she saw a strange white woman in the garden that her lover had another wife. Millie Turner had more luck. She heard of that before the day arrived when she'd agreed to marry Jim.

There is something odd about the history of No. 7. The yardmen call it an unlucky train. It had scarcely got up steam that morning, eastward bound, when a stray passenger who had been struggling at the ticket window with the buttons of his overcoat came back across the room. It was cold, he said. He'd like a cup of coffee. The prospect of refreshment seemed to put him in good cheer. Strange the way you met people when you didn't expect it, he observed. He went on struggling with his coat.

Now, take that young fireman, for instance: the fellow who'd been standing here. He hadn't thought of him in years. Used to know him in the city. Neighbors then. That was before the fellow quarreled with his wife. She living down here now? Quite a well-appearing woman—nice hair, though maybe not her own. Folks said she had a temper, though. Well, how long did people have to wait for coffee in this place? Coffee. Coffee! C-o-double f-e-e. What was so interesting to look at through that window, anyway?

IT WAS casual enough. Millie Turner found herself believing she had heard all this before. Jim found the ring between two plates when 32 came back that evening. He was straight enough about it. Of course he'd meant to clear it up, he said, before he married Millie—he meant to do it now.

Eight years ago he'd married. She had a big red hat—it'd been raining—the red ran (*Continued on page 32*)

Slow Fire

Continued from page 9

on Park Creek, fish, and wait; he was to pick her up this afternoon on his way back. He phoned—"

Tabard was out and walking to the cabin. Worth, at his side, continued—"Phoned that his fire's bad and he can't come in. And that there's a fire coming down Park Creek not two miles from her. Good God, Chief! And that outlaw you've got in charge here won't send or go after her. I told him you'd—"

Tabard, in the office, stood beside a tanned young dispatcher who clung to a telephone and scribbled fiercely. Another boy read figures aloud and triangled them on the huge brass fire finder, which was like a ship's compass. Tabard scanned the day's log. He found seventeen fires started by lightning the night before. Three were wild crown fires. The rest were slow fires, starting in the six-inch tinderlike duff that formed the floor of the forest.

Turning from the phone, the dispatcher greeted the Chief: "I've sent everybody. They're all covered but a bad duff fire on Big Lake and another on Park Mountain. Lang's at Park Mountain, but can't handle it. I've—"

"Look here, Chief," Worth bellowed. "I want a man sent after my daughter. She's in danger, Tabard, don't you understand? These thugs you've got here—"

SOMEWHERE in the cabin a phone howler wailed despairingly. Tabard took the line. Worth paced the floor.

"Oh, *you,* Chief?" said Lang's voice faintly. "It'll take two miles of trenching. . . . I can't cut it . . . in time . . . or else you know two thousand acres fine timber on Park goes. . . . Erla Worth in yet?"

"No," growled Tabard. "I'll send men."

"Fine. Hurry," Lang answered. "But why isn't she in? Seven miles. She can walk—isn't paralyzed or anything—" Tabard cut off.

"Tabard—" Senator Worth began angrily.

The supervisor interrupted him. He said to the dispatcher: "Light out, you two. Conway'll take the phone. Enter it in the log and hit for Big Lake."

"I tell you, Tabard, Washington will hear of this! *My daughter's up in that fire!* And you—"

"Senator," Tabard said, "go along with these boys to Big Lake. I'll get your daughter. Barnes, give the senator a pack. Don't overlook shovels. You three grind all night with shovels and hem in the smoke at Big Lake."

Worth towered over the supervisor, his face crimson. He spluttered, seeking words in his rage. "You can go to hell, sir. And you'll go to jail, sir. And I'll not fight your fires—I'll stand right here till you save my daughter!"

"Tell him to go, Conway," the supervisor said.

Conway produced a wobbling automatic. "You'd better go, sir," he said to Worth, pointing the revolver.

Snarling, Worth sprang for the gun. Tabard was before him. He nudged the senator's waist line with the gun.

"You ought to know the law, Senator. This is my forest. When it's burning, I'm the law. You haven't gone after your girl. I'll get her. But you can't sit here while my forest burns. No citizen in the forest can. You dig trenches." He handed the gun to the dispatcher. "See that he digs. See that you cut off that fire."

In three minutes the men left at a dog-trot, packs on their backs, the senator jostled ahead in the trail by the dispatcher at his heels.

Tabard, too, was gone, to Park Creek.

Two miles out, in the dusk under the forest, Tabard saw the butt of a tailor-made cigarette lying in the loose duff of the trail. He allowed his rangers only to roll their own. The stubs of their brown-paper pills always went out when thrown on the duff.

Another hour, two more white cigarette butts in the trail, and he saw an unjointed trout rod and a creel against a tree. Farther on, sitting on the ground and likewise leaning against a huge tree, was the girl Erla.

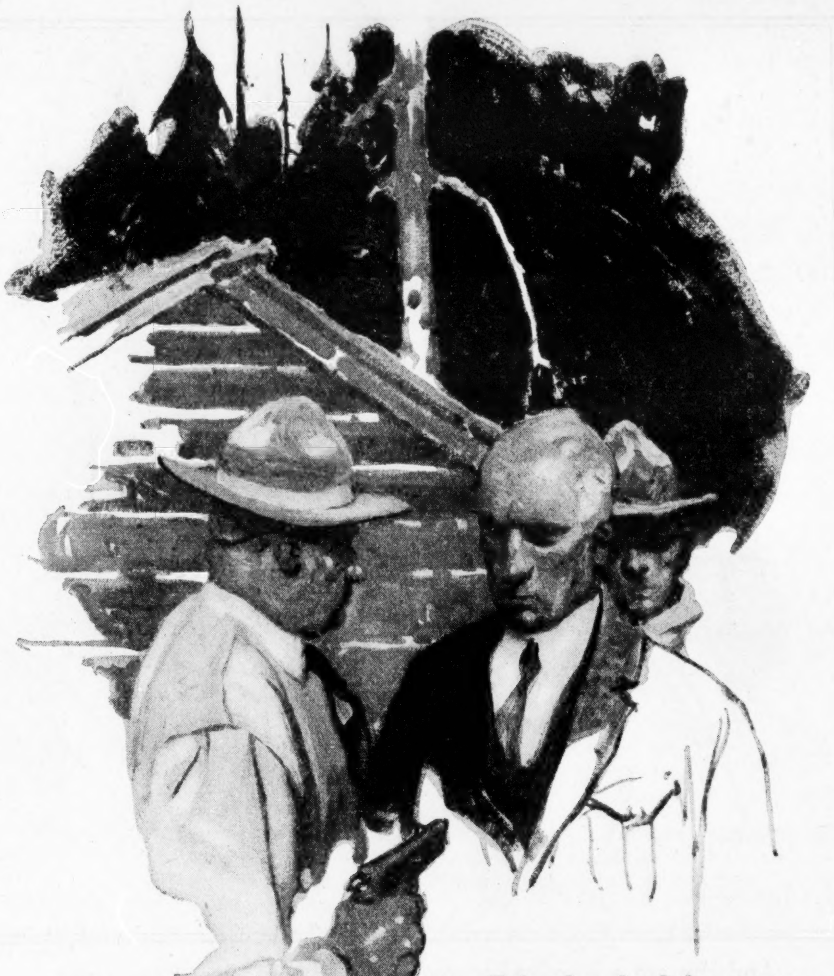
She stood up. She had a crown of soft wavy hair, a white round face, and, in her knickers, she was all of warm and delicious girl curves. A half-smoked cigarette lay at her feet, burning itself out.

"Oh! I thought you were Mr. Lang." She smiled at Tabard.

"Your dad's crazy, worrying about you," he said briskly. "Why didn't you hike in to camp?"

"Mr. Lang promised to take me back. I came out with him."

"I know," Tabard ventured shrewdly, "that Lang didn't promise to take you back. Lang told you he would if he could. He told you to go in early, in case he had to stay with the fire."



Tabard nudged the senator with the gun: "You can't sit here while my forest burns"

Erla flushed hotly. "Mr. Lang is my friend. He'll phone in and find I haven't arrived. And he'll leave his old fire and come. I'm waiting for him now."

And suddenly she was staring over the short supervisor's shoulder, staring down the trail among the great trunks. She lifted a hand, as if to shield herself. Tabard turned and looked.

And he saw, through a rift in the plumes of the trees, a column of smoke a mile away, rising, spreading, high and yellow in the sky with flames piercing it.

HE SEIZED her hand and ran like a dray horse, his short legs hurling them both forward with every jump.

"Crown fire," he flung at her. "In the tops. Goes like a racehorse through the dry tops. Catch us in five minutes. One of your cigarettes. You threw it in the duff along the creek somewhere. Smoldered all day. Climbed a dead tree. Crown fire."

Again: "But—but we're running—right into—the other fire!"

"Sure. Can't help it. Crown will stop when it hits the real fire." Tabard threw off his pack as he ran. "Got to find a hole somewhere. Can't get caught in this thick stand of ripe timber."

They neared the slow fire on the base of the mountain. Brighter the glare became, and acrid heat and resinous stench eddied by them. Rabbits fled by; a timber wolf, as tall when on his hind legs as a tall man, ran by, fleeing from the crown fire. A red doe and dappled fawn passed the man and girl from behind. A red buck whisked from the front. Caught between fires, the furred forest dwellers were in an uproar.

Then a singed black bear came wheezing down on them, casting a monstrous shadow from the glare behind him. And behind him was a long shadow, and a ragged figure—Lang.

His eyes ran over Erla. He reported to Tabard. "It's well-trenched now, sir, except on this side. Downhill slope, so I let this side go till last. And now—if I'd trenched that first, we could cross into it. Now we can't. It's a furnace, crawling downhill now."

A hundred yards more and they stopped behind a fir, on the edge of the slow fire on the mountain. It was the edge of an inferno. Sheltering their eyes, they looked at it. The two-hundred-foot firs, ripe and dry, stood and blazed from their massive butts to their towering tops, or fell. For acres, as far as they could see, the ground was waist-deep in trunks and branches, all melted together in blazing coals.

Every few seconds, above the roar of the fire, they heard the explosion of a "doty," a ripe fir giant with a dead heart filled with balsam and dry rot. These, when the fire ran through their needles and the heat struck into the pitch cavities, exploded and crashed down, smoke spouting from the burned-out knotholes on their trunks.

Their backs to the slow fire, the men and the girl turned to watch the crown fire.

Below them on a mile-wide spreading front it raced toward them. Watching, they were silent, except that the girl in Lang's arms sobbed as she stared. It was a frightful fire. Flames in livid sheets leaped up into the night. Like yellow banners they detached themselves from the forest and unfurled in the pillars of smoke. A steady undertone of crackling arose, like rifle fire.

From tree to tree the crown fire raced. They watched it spring forward, firing a dozen trees in a moment. The flames leaped, touched a tree top, leaped on and leaped on, leaving behind a yellow sea of fire high above the earth. It was half a mile away. The two men stood, watching it come to them. Erla had fainted. In three minutes it was two hundred yards away. Then, somewhere, a doty exploded.

It seemed in their midst. Tabard dragged the girl away. Lang, a gray-eyed boyish ranger, lay on the ground, a burning slab from the side of the doty pinning him down. His shirt burned. Erla, in Tabard's arms, awoke and saw the ranger.

"Run!" Lang screamed. Struggling, he got out his revolver. "Damn you, Chief, get her out! I'm done. Legs broke. I won't burn." He waved the gun toward his head. *"Get her out!"*

As Lang waved the gun, Tabard dropped the girl and sprang in. He got the ranger's gun and his arm, and dragged him out of the fire. The crown fire was above them. As he got Lang on his back the supervisor barked at Erla, "Stay behind. Keep hold of me. Pull your shirt and cover your head."

He dived under the crown fire. It was a mile of fire hail, of falls and burns that brought stifled cries from the girl. From the crown a rain of burning branches fell as thickly as hail. These coals started up blazing fires on the ground. Here and there these slow fires, that would finish what the crown fire had begun, covered an acre and were spreading swiftly. Beneath the red rain, Tabard continually reached back and brushed Lang's head and shoulders.

He fell down a bank and into icy water. A cougar he fell upon hissed like a house cat and bounded into the creek. Yellow animal eyes were everywhere in Park Creek. Tabard laid his ranger out beside him and picked up the girl from among the rocks. Her shirt he pulled from off her head. Her eyes fluttered. A little ring of fire was widening on her lacy breast, against the skin. Tabard pinched it out.

Here in the creek it was dark. Sometimes Erla controlled her sobbing enough to talk.

"I'll always see him under that tree, with the gun at his head," she whimpered, clutching Tabard's badly burned arm. "And I caused it all. Oh, I—I even tried to make him stay with me all day, instead of going to his fire." Memory of a flippant kiss she had brushed on Lang's surprised lips that morning came to her, and she cried anew.

Later Tabard led her over to Lang and placed her hand on his unconscious brow. Don't bring him to," he said. "Legs are broke. He feels better asleep."

In Erla's throat were queer uncontrollable sounds. "I thought—I thought," she finally said, "that tree—" She kissed Lang's blistered hand.

SOME time before dawn the supervisor waddled stiffly down the creek, stumbling over its bowlders. Leaving the creek, he walked through a cool forest and struck the Park Mountain trail. A single phone wire hung from the trees. From his belt he unhooked his Adams, uncoiled the wire, threw one end over the wire overhead, and plugged the other in the ground. He pressed a button on his instrument. In Conway's office at Fish Lake the howler raised an infernal din.

"My God!" the assistant supervisor cried. "You're safe? What? Take a message? All right. And Miss Worth's safe? I thought you'd all— Right, I'll take it. But say, Chief, from the reports the fires haven't been so bad. Not over a thousand acres. If it weren't for the senator being sore—"

Out in the forest, smarting and aching, his white collar scorched red, Tabard growled savagely: "Take a message, please, or I'll hound you out of the Service. To Mrs. Tabard—"

Conway was all attention. "Of course, of course. Tell her you're safe, of course. I will."

Tabard was consulting his watch. It was 7:35 A. M. "You ass," he said, "take a message to Mrs. Tabard. Get it through in five minutes or— Here it is: *'Buy the Spanish house.'* "

Marriage in New York

Continued from page 12

The summer passed, and the fall, and the winter. Only the most acute and suspicious person in the world could have found any evidence that Madge's slant on marriage was not the perfect answer that the world has been looking for these hundreds and hundreds of years. Such a person might have remarked that George was more interested in his work than he had ever been before and that Madge was less interested in her work than she had ever been before. But he would have had great difficulty in proving it.

Spring came in that singularly shy yet unmistakable way spring has in New York. The first sure sign is something in the air, something that is not an odor or a color or a sound—something you do not at first recognize but that affects you as simply and as surely as if you knew exactly what it was. A morning came when it seemed to George that Fifth Avenue was full of pretty girls. An afternoon came when he wanted to ride on top of a bus instead of going back to the office. A night came when, lying awake, he heard the foghorns of the steamers in the harbor warning each other off. All these things happen long before the buds of the trees in Madison Square begin to swell, long before the opening day at the Polo Grounds, long, long before the Hotel Crillon puts on its awnings.

GEORGE and Madge went that week to Port Chester to dine at the Winklers'. Bill Winkler met them at the station in his flivver and drove them out of town and up a long hill to the little old-fashioned white house with a hedge in front and a thicket of lilac in the dooryard.

"How sweet!" said Madge, staring at the little house with all its windows full of yellow light in the dusk.

They got down, and Amy Winkler came running out and threw both arms around Madge's neck.

"Where's the baby?" George asked.

Madge gave him one of those looks that women reserve for occasions when men betray their ignorance. Don't you know he's sound asleep in bed at this hour?"

"You can't see him until he wakes up for his feeding at half past ten," Amy said.

There was a wood fire waiting for them in the living-room and a cocktail of home-made gin, and a dinner that Amy had cooked herself. George paid the dinner high compliments in word and deed.

"I haven't eaten a popover since I left home," he explained as he buttered his ninth. "I supposed popovers were a lost art."

"I can make popovers," Madge said.

"Honestly?" George asked.

"I was brought up in an old-fashioned family," Madge said with dignity.

"Wait till you try Madge's chocolate cake," said Bill Winkler.

"We call it that," Amy said, "because Madge gave me the recipe."

George was surprised at these evidences of domestic accomplishment in Madge, and when he was surprised it was his habit to say nothing, but quietly to turn over the cause of his surprise in his mind.

"I got it from my mother," Madge explained, "and she got it from her mother."

George ate two pieces of the cake. It was a peculiarly chocolaty chocolate cake with chopped nuts in it and a fudge frosting.

"Do you like it?" Amy asked.

"I could write an ad that would sell that cake from New York to San Francisco," George said quietly.

After dinner they spent two hours in front of the living-room fire telling Amy all the gossip of Shotwell & Orme's office. Amy had worked there for two years and knew the place as well as George and Madge did. They could have gossiped indefinitely but they were interrupted by a surprised, insistent wail from upstairs. Madge jumped up as though the baby's cry were a signal for which she had been waiting. Amy glanced at her watch.

"It's thirty-one minutes past ten," she said proudly. "He's just as prompt as an alarm clock."

Madge and Amy went off upstairs with that air of quiet importance and happy competence which a nursing baby awakens in most women. George and Bill drew their chairs a little closer.

"Strange creatures—women," said Bill.

"Yes," George said, "they're beyond me."

Bill chuckled, the wise chuckle of an experienced old husband and father. Bill had been married for more than two years.

"What do you think, Bill?" George asked. "Is there a new kind of woman in the world—a kind that would rather hold down a good job in an office than have a home of her own and—all that sort of thing?"

Bill narrowed his eyes thoughtfully. The smoke of his pipe came out of the corner of his mouth in little jets, as pipe smoke comes from the mouth of wisdom.

"No," he said.

George stared at Bill. Somehow Bill was impressive.

"What's all this propaganda about then?"

"Oh," said Bill, "they do hate to take the plunge—they hate to give up their jobs and their independence. But when it comes to a show-down they'll do it."

"All of them?" George asked.

"Madge will," said Bill with a grin.

George sat looking into the fire. "I can't imagine Madge giving up her job," he said.

"I thought you were sold to it," Bill said. "In fact, the story I heard was that you and Madge lived in separate apartments—that you preferred it that way."

"That story is grossly exaggerated," said George moodily.

Bill waited, saying nothing. George got up and cautiously closed the living-room door.

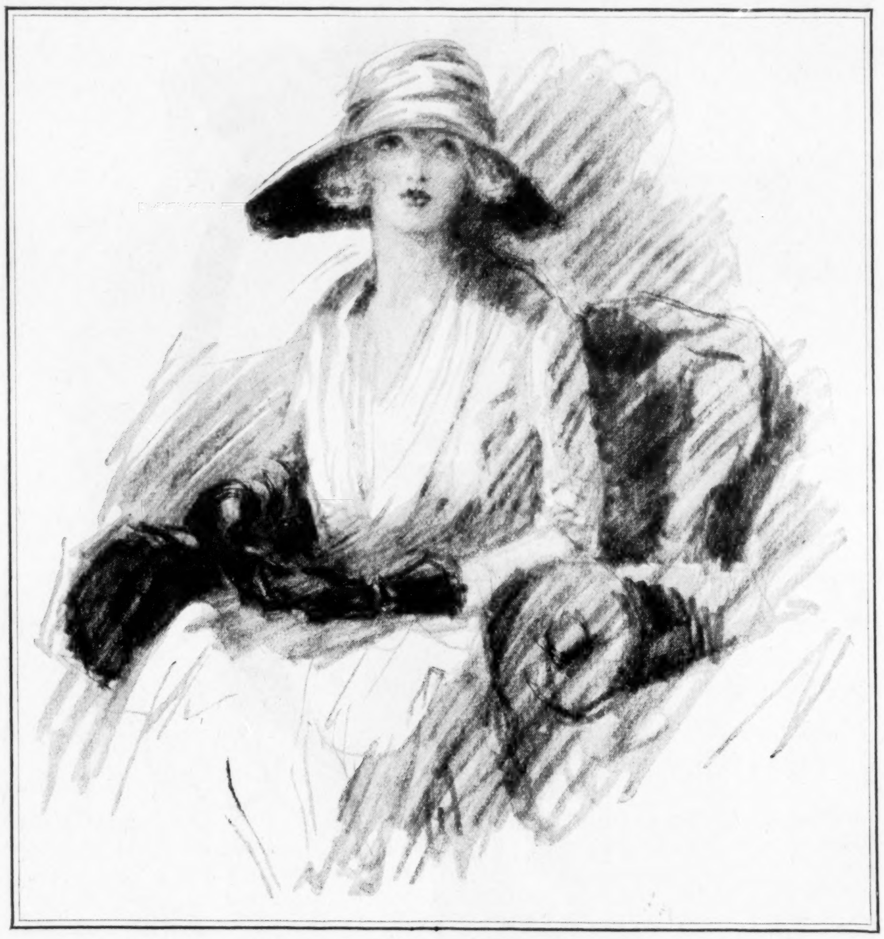
"I don't like this New York substitute for a home," George said. "I don't like it a little bit." George made a large gesture that comprehended the fire, the comfortable living-room, the whole house. "I want what you've got, and if I thought there was any chance of persuading Madge—"

"You just give her a good chance," Bill said, "and see what happens."

George shook his head. "You don't get Madge," he said. "You don't know what it means to her to hold down as good a job as mine. You don't realize that it is a matter of principle with her to go fifty-fifty." He paused, paced across the room and back. "I couldn't ask it of her. I can't imagine Madge staying at home with a baby."

"I can," said Bill.

"You see, Bill, as long as I don't make any more money than she does she's got the—" But he did not finish the sentence. Madge came running downstairs and burst into the room.



And she got a hundred a week for writing advertising copy

"Oh, George," she cried, "you've got to come up and see him."

She led the way up to Amy's room, George and Bill following. Amy lay on the bed with the baby in the hollow of her arm. He was pink and fat and satisfied. George stared down at the baby, restraining an impulse to poke his finger in the baby's ribs. He was a ridiculous object. George grinned at him. The baby grinned back. Or perhaps he didn't. He seemed to.

"Isn't he beautiful!" Madge cried.

"H-m-m," said George.

AMY and Madge exchanged a glance—one of those glances by which women communicate to each other their essential superiority to men.

"Amy," Madge said, "do let me put him to bed—I'd love to."

Amy looked down at her son with a proud smile, the proudest of all smiles, the smile of a young mother. "Of course," she said.

Madge picked up the baby, held him against her breast, marched off with him. George stared at her. Perhaps Bill was right, after all, about Madge. He turned and looked at Bill. Bill grinned.

George tried, going home on the train that night, to sound Madge's feelings on the subject. Madge sat, a little pensive, gazing out of the window.

"Madge," he said, "I don't believe those people are unhappy. I thought Amy never looked better in her life."

"She isn't unhappy," Madge answered. She turned on George fiercely. "That's the pity of it."

"Well—" George began mildly.

"Don't you see?" she cried. "She's proud of the baby—any woman would be. There's nothing in the world makes a woman so stuck on herself as having a baby. But look what she's giving up. Do you suppose she'll ever go back to her job?"

"No," said George.

"She has sold her birthright for that baby. She'll never be a free soul again. She'll get more and more dependent, more and more sunk in domesticity. In five years she won't be fit to hold a job—even if she could get away from home long enough every day. She's done."

George subsided into a pained silence. He began to think about money. He hadn't had a raise in three years. He had always spent all he earned. He hadn't really cared about money. He had had enough—plenty—for his wants. He had never pushed himself. But other men no cleverer than he did get more money. They went out after it and got it.

GEORGE walked into Mr. Orme's office on Monday morning with resolution in his soul. Somehow, some way, he was going to make more money. He was going to make enough money so he could have a home like Bill's.

John Orme looked at George and grinned. "If it were anybody but you, George," he said, "I'd say you'd come to hit me for a raise. Sit down."

George sat down.

"I've got to make more money," he said.

Mr. Orme leaned back in his chair. "I thought you were perfectly satisfied just to work along and draw a good salary and let it go at that. I thought there wasn't a drop of go-getter blood in your system. I thought you didn't want to do any more work than you were doing."

"I've come to the point where I've got to make more money," George said doggedly.

"All right," said John Orme, "I'll see that you get the chance."

"How soon?" George asked.

Mr. Orme grinned. "Within a week," he promised. "I'll put more work on you. The moment you show me you can carry it your salary is raised twenty-five dollars a week."

"You're on," said George.

"Of course," said Mr. Orme, "I know you can do it. There's no reason why in a year or two you shouldn't make twice as much money as you're making. You've got the stuff—all you have to do is to use it."

George went back to his desk in a state of profound shock. He had known that he was easy-going. But he had known it only as most people know their own general characteristics. He hadn't realized it. He hadn't suspected that he could get a twenty-five-dollars-a-week raise almost for the asking—just by agreeing to dig a little harder.

He got out a pad and pencil and began to figure on his budget. Madge had insisted that they share their joint expenses fifty-fifty. His share came to about sixty dollars a week. He had forty dollars a week left over to pay his personal expenses. Forty dollars a week suddenly struck George as a lot of money. He began to figure out where it went. Then he saw that sixty-five dollars a month—fifteen dollars a week—went for his bachelor apartment. And instantly guile entered into George's honest heart. He would sublet that apartment, get rid of it, abandon it, and bank that sixty-five dollars a month. He would bank his twenty-five-dollars-a-week raise—as soon as he got it. He would say nothing about either item to Madge. He would simply not mention it.

By the middle of May George figured out the future. There was only one result of such a course as he was following. He was putting away money at the rate of a hundred and eighty dollars a month. In a year he'd have a couple of thousand saved up—enough to make a first payment on a house, in Port Chester perhaps. He would be due for another raise. He could say to Madge, "Look here, I can support this family in

(Continued on page 26)

Good Teethkeeping

YOUR teeth—how about them? How long since you have had them carefully examined? Do you ever go to the dentist except when riotous pain sends you?

Science has learned many startling things about the direct influence that bad teeth have upon our health. Bad teeth may cause any one of a dozen or more serious ailments—rheumatism, joint trouble, neuritis, neuralgia, and heart disease.

And it doesn't take a mouth full of diseased teeth to cause acute trouble. One single cavity—if neglected—may be sufficient. This is what happens: A bit of food lodges in a tooth. Decay begins. As the cavity grows larger, the millions of germs which are always present in the mouth go trooping into the tooth where they settle down comfortably and have large families. Before long the breaking down and decay of the inside structure of the tooth permit the germs to reach the pulp which is filled with blood vessels and nerves. This is what the germs have been waiting for. They are picked up by the blood and given a tour of the body. Some of them debark in the heart. Others get off in the joints. Still others call out their station in the lungs or kidneys. Many times the result is years of pain. Sometimes a crippled body. Sometimes—death. All may come from a neglected tooth cavity!

PLAN NOW

Real trouble is often hidden

There is another source of trouble that is nearly always unsuspected—infection at the roots. This may happen to a tooth that never has been filled. You may think that your teeth are in good condition—you may have spent hundreds of dollars on them—they may be beautifully white and shiny—but you can't be sure about them from appearances. Devitalized teeth—teeth from which the pulp has been removed—and teeth which have been improperly filled frequently develop abscessed roots which pour virulent poison into the system. This often goes on quietly without causing the slightest local pain, although intense agony may be felt in other parts of the body from the effects of the poison.

If you have any golden architecture—bridges or crowns—in your mouth, it is well to suspect the foundation and have these teeth X-rayed. In your case—and in the case of most of us who are grown-ups—the best we can do is to have the damage repaired so far as is possible.

Now what about the children?

Half of the total number of the school-children in United States and Canada have badly diseased teeth which are a definite menace to their health. Nine out of every ten children at school have one or more unfilled tooth cavities. We can save **such** children from the suffering and illnesses that we have had, if we all work together for them.

How? By teaching children to have clean mouths, and by clean mouths is meant not only clean teeth but clean gums. Above all things we must teach them to brush their teeth regularly for two minutes at least twice a day—after every meal if possible.

And we must see that they eat proper food. Milk, eggs, whole wheat bread, fresh vegetables and green foods of all kinds contain the lime needed to build strong, healthy teeth. If mothers-to-be will eat plenty of the foods which contain lime, their children will have better teeth.

Your dentist—if he has studied modern methods—will know what to do about teeth which are diseased. Have him put your mouth and your children's mouths in a healthy condition. Then visit him regularly every six months. It is cheaper and less painful to have a little work done twice a year than to wait until neglect has developed a serious condition.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Preventive dentistry—oral prophylaxis—is still new to many people. It is a great step in the work being done for public health. Every year taxpayers are assessed hundreds of thousands of dollars for the re-instruction of children who have failed to be promoted because physical disabilities—frequently caused by the teeth—held them back. Teaching mouth hygiene in the schools—with tooth-brush drills and regular twice-yearly examinations and reparative work—will remove much of the disability and save the taxpayers' money.

Oral hygienists are trained to clean the teeth of school children and to teach them to take proper care of their mouths. Twelve states in the U. S. so far have permitted oral hygienists to practice in the schools. In 36 states no concentrated effort has been made to save the teeth of their future citizens.

What is your particular community doing to promote oral prophylaxis for the school children? Local clubs and organizations are helping school boards to introduce oral hygiene into the public schools. This rapidly growing interest is making for a better educated, healthier, happier people. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail, free, a copy of a booklet, "Care of the Teeth" to anyone who requests it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Marriage in New York

Continued from page 24

the style to which it's been accustomed. I want you to quit your job."

He couldn't actually imagine himself saying anything so forthright to Madge. As a matter of fact, he felt as if he were playing a dastardly trick on her. It took all his courage not to confess his secret. But he was mightily resolved not to confess it until he could make her position difficult. Perhaps in a year Madge would be more amenable.

He studied Madge for signs that she wasn't happy. He took to watching her when she wasn't looking. But he saw no change. Madge was the same as ever.

ONE day, coming home after an extra hour's work at the office, he found her lying on the bed, her face hidden in a pillow.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Madge.

He saw that she'd been crying. He sat down on the edge of the bed and put his arm around her and kissed her cheek. "I wish you'd tell me," he said.

"It's just nothing," she assured him. "I'm just a little tired." Her voice got stronger as she talked. "I guess I was feeling sorry for myself."

"Something go wrong at the office?" he asked.

Madge got up and wiped her eyes and smiled. "Foster pulled a boner," she said, "and I got called for it."

She told George all about it while she changed her dress and got ready to go out to dinner. George decided that she had told him the whole truth. But a week later he noticed that she didn't eat any breakfast. There were black circles under her eyes.

"You know, Madge," he said, "I think you ought to go to a doctor. You don't look well."

Madge jumped up. "Nonsense," she said crisply. "Come on—we'll be late to the office."

She called him up just at twelve o'clock one day two weeks later. "I'm uptown," she said. "When are you going to lunch?"

"Any time at all," George said.

"I can't get away from here much before one," she said. "Suppose we meet somewhere at half past one."

"The Crillon," said George.

"That's awfully out of the way," she protested. "But I like it—I'll take the subway."

George knew that something had happened. She had some secret to reveal. He had a table in his favorite corner of the café by a quarter past one. She didn't come till two.

"Oh," she said, "I'm so sorry. But I couldn't help it. Isn't to-day Friday?"

"Yes," said George.

"Then I can have bouillabaise," she said.

She ate her lunch as if nothing had happened. Only George knew something had happened. She gossiped about the office as if nothing had happened. But George knew. And the longer he waited the more afraid he was. Only—what could have happened?

THE café gradually quieted. They were alone. Madge still dawdled over her glass of iced coffee. It occurred to George, sitting in the corner opposite Madge, that it was just such an afternoon in June as the one on which they had discussed marriage. The sun streamed in, just as it had that day, splashing Madge's blond curls with gold. He saw a big yellow bus go careening up the Avenue. Then a porter came out and hung a strip of awning across the front, against the sun. And within the café it was suddenly dusky and still and dear.

"Madge," he said, and made a gesture with his arm, "it's all just as it was a year ago—do you remember?"

Madge looked at him, smiled, and burst into tears.

He jumped up, patted her shoulder, as men will always awkwardly pat the shoulders of the women they love when those women burst into tears.

"My dear," he said, "what's the matter? Do tell me what's the matter."

Madge found her handkerchief, wiped her eyes. "Sit down, George," she said. "I'll tell you in a minute—j-j-just as s-s-soon as I c-c-can stop crying."

George sat down and took her free hand in his across the table. She smiled at him through her tears.

"It's—it's all off, George," she said.

"What's all off?" he asked sharply.

"Everything—everything that we've planned. My job and everything. And you'll—I spose you'll have to make more money."

"But—" George began.

"I'm sorry, George. But—I—I have just come from the doctor's. I'm going to have a baby."

George jumped up and put his arm around her. Fortunately the café of the Hotel Crillon is one of those places where the tête-à-tête is understood. The waiter heard the slight scuffle, the chair scrape. But he only smiled.

"Why are you sorry?" he asked.

"B-because I thought you'd be."

"Good Lord!" said George.

Everything Plus

Continued from page 16

he's hurt about it bad enough himself. But I hunt up old Jocko Jones, the ham-handed, heavy-thinkin' first sacker.

"Don't worry about it, Bill," he says, "Waldo will come out of it."

"Yeah, maybe," I said. "After we've lost some games he's throwed away. And with McGonigle comin'—good nitroglycerine!"

I ask Jocko if he has any idea how we could break Waldo of this trick before it gets to be a habit.

"Well," he said, I've heard of cases where a fellow would be hit, and always go to pieces in the same situation afterward. But if he was hit the same way, it might knock him sensible again."

"All right, you do it," I said. "Y'r a *big* stiff."

Well, if it hadn't of been serious, it would 'a' been funny. I wanted to laugh, and I did, a little, but just then Irish O'Connell come along. He'd blown himself to three hits that day with his cock-eyed invisible bat, and stole two bases again, feelin' that chesty. Who wouldn't, with seven safe ones and four thefts in two days? Specially after a terrible slump.

"Skinny's gonna try it to-morrow," he said. "Also Otto Schwarzheimer."

"Try what?" I said.

"Camouflage," says Irish. "Great stuff. Mebbe there's sense in it, and mebbe not. But even if these here pitchers can see the painted post, they get all popeyed about it and forget to pitch ball. It's good." And he laughs.

"Rot," I said. "Looks to me more like Monty Sawyer is beatin' y'r time with Lilah Buck, thereby lettin' you get some sleep and y'r battin' eye back."

"I don't mind sayin' Monty is at the bottom of it all," he laughs.

I ask what he means by that, but he shuts up like a clam in the bankin' business bein' asked for a loan. Anyway, I've got sumpin to worry about with Waldo Blatt turning to bone, see? I sh'd worry if Skinny and Otto do go crazy about camouflaged war clubs.

THEY do, all right. Skinny shows up next day with a stick painted blue, white, and dustproof gray, with gold freckles. And Otto has one that is violet and brown, with white circles all up and down it! Of all the damphoolishness I ever saw, this is the worst. I'd like to of enjoyed it, and I did appreciate Skinny's pair of timely singles and the three long doubles old Otto whanged out, because these with some more hittin' by Irish while Barney's four different pitchers stared at the fool sticks, won another game for us.

But I was sick all over about poor little Waldo Blatt. This game, the fourth and last of the series for a clean sweep, saw Waldo throw the ball away twice! Only reason it didn't hurt was we had about eleven runs. Waldo played a great game ever' other way, but when the ball come at him on his right and Monty stood by him—same old story!

Our whole gang is off Monty by this time, for takin' advantage of Waldo that way. And Waldo swears he'll beat Monty's head off.

"Lay offa the kid, Monty," I said to him. "Looks like dirty work to me. Why pick on him like that?"

"All in the game, Bill," grins Monty, devilish.

"But y'll not tell McGonigle about it, Monty?" I ask him. "No use throwin' us down any further, hey?"

"Tell McGonigle? Oh, I reckon not." And Monty laughs. Right then I make up my mind he'll sell the stuff to Jim for fifty bucks: he's that crooked.

Here we were, with four straight over Barney while McGonigle's gettin' an even break in Chicago. That leaves us only a game and a half behind the Goliaths outa second place. With the four-game series due on our lot, we had a chance to grab second place again, which is what old man T. Everett Simmons is after.

HE COMES out to the clubhouse after that last game with Barney.

"Mr. Andrews," he says in the dressin'-room, "and boys, listen. We face another series with the Goliaths. You all know that my ambition is to whip McGonigle and the Goliaths every time we tangle with them. Also, that I want you boys to take second place and hold it. Now then I can't offer you any more bonuses or increase any salaries. But I want you to promise me one thing."

"Shoot!" yells the gang, all at once.

"Whip these Goliaths and get back up near the top, where you belong," says the boss, lookin' all around at us.

"Mr. Simmons," I said, speakin' up for the boys, "we'll do our level best. I can promise you that if McGonigle goes away from here with second place in his bat bag it will only be after the hardest battle he's ever been through. Or us either."

"That's the spirit," he says, and goes out.

But I'm not sure how it's gonna work out. I'm askin' Jacko if he has any more ideas about helpin' Waldo outa the hole, when Barney comes in.

"Hey, Bill," he says. "Wanted to thank you and Jocko."

"What for?" I said, wonderin' what he was drivin' at.

"Didn't you suggest I might sell Monty to McGonigle?"

I begun to get cold shivers all up and down my spinal column.

"McGonigle's buyin' him," says Barney, "and it helps me out. Just wanted to say I'm much obliged for the tip."

"Thank Jacko," I said. "He's the guy who had that bright little idea.

"But," I said, while Barney was lookin' around for Jocko, "McGonigle don't need no second baseman."

"Just wants Monty for his brainwork, I guess," laughs Barney, and I darn near faint. Monty won't have to sell that idea to Mac now! He'll just go down on the third-base line and yell at Waldo ever' time a ball's hit to Waldo's right. And any game 'at's at all close, Waldo will throw away, right over second base.

I'm settin' there on the bench by my locker stewin' in my own juice, and forgettin' all about Barney, when I hear a yell, like somebody's hurt.

"You will bat me 'longside the head?" I hear Waldo Blatt growlin'. Run around the end of a row of lockers and find old Jocko Jones laughin' sorta sick and holdin' his jaw. He's batted Waldo on the temple, like he was in fun, to see if he couldn't cure Waldo's trouble, and Waldo swung on his chin.

"Just monkeyin', Waldo," he mutters, not wantin' to fight the little guy.

"Funny way to monkey," growls Waldo, startin' for the showers.

By that time Barney's gone, and I'm lower than the bottom of a ladder in a cellar. Any other time I'd 'a' had a laugh at old Jocko for tryin' out his fool cure on the third baseman, but just now there was nothin' to laugh at, although Irish O'Connell, frisky as a hopped up pony, come outa the showers singin' and laughin' like a fool.

"Well, Bill, Jersey Day joins the ranks," he said. "Also, Liz Cochran."

"Whaddaya mean?" I ask him.

"Camouflage artists," chuckles Irish. "They're gonna paint up some bats tonight. And to-morrow we'll have me, and Skinny, and Otto, and Jersey and Liz, all outhittin' old Jocko and Weatherby. If that ain't enough to whip the Goliaths, I don't know what it takes."

"It takes a third baseman who don't throw the ball to second ever' time somebody hits to him," I said. I didn't have any heart for more of this painted-bat monkey business. Although, the next morning, I had to laugh, at that. The papers was full of the camouflage stuff, and all the fans were readin' about it. That, and the fact we always have a battle with the Goliaths and generally hold our own with 'em, brought out a parkful of bugs in the afternoon.

I'M STANDIN' talkin' to Jocko and Irish when Monty comes by.

"Thanks for the congratulations, Bill," grins Monty at me fiendishly.

"Y'r welcome to all I've gave you," I said, quick on the trigger for once.

"What's he mean?" says Jocko, who's had his mind offa baseball while old man Simmons has been worried financially.

"Oh, he's the guy that's got Waldo Blatt offa the track," I said.

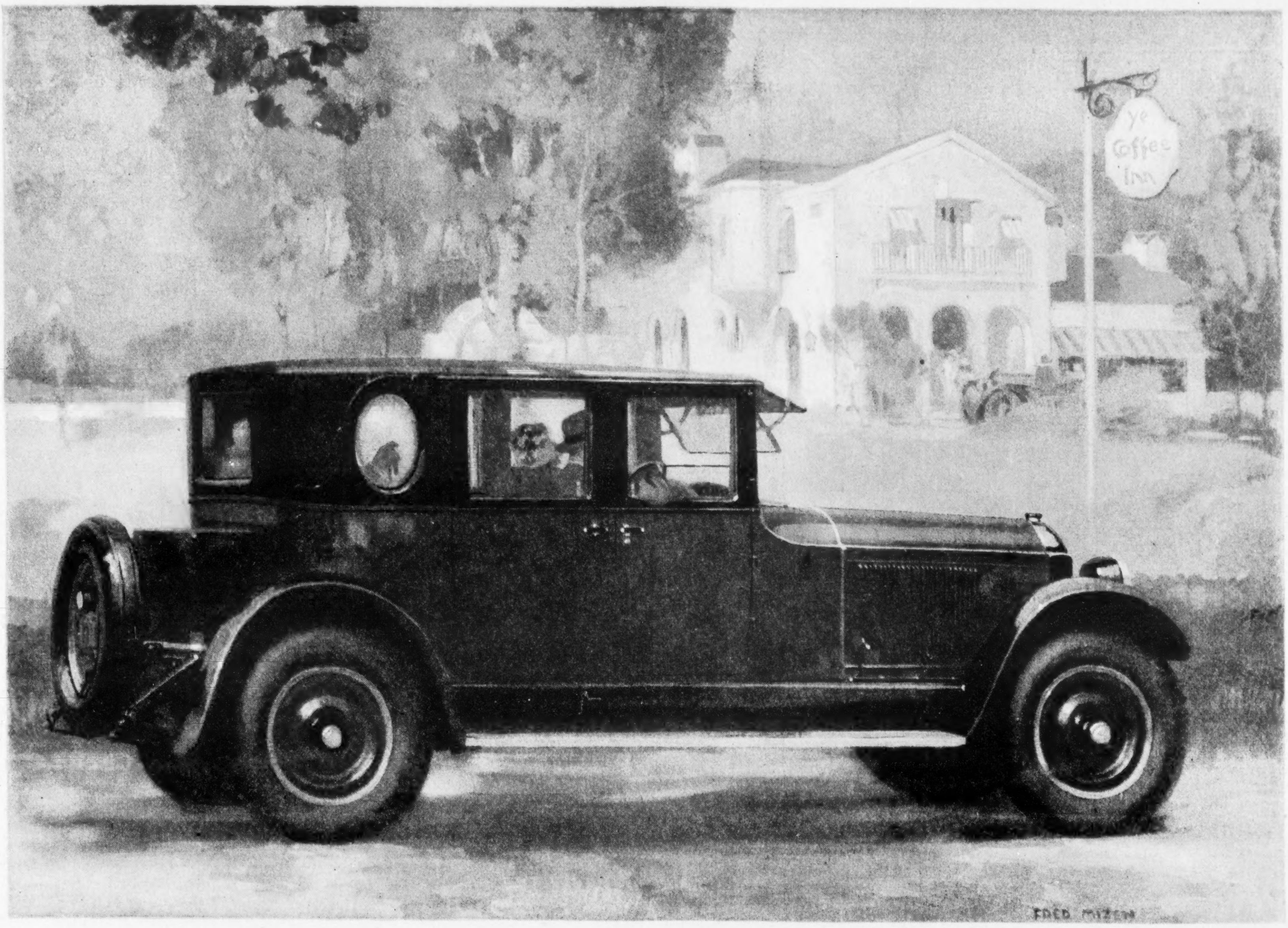
"Also, he's the guy that told Lilah Buck to tell me to paint my bat," laughs Irish. "Thought he was kiddin' her and me. But look at the way my old hittin' average is climbin'."

"Great kidder, Monty," says Jocko, and goes on over the bench. I could see he was studyin' over sumpin', but supposed he was still worked up over his father-in-law's affairs. We fooled around with hittin' and fieldin' practice. Irish and Skinny and the rest advertised their camouflaged bats, by yellin' and showin' 'em to the Goliath pitchers. Jersey Day had a red and yellow one with white clover leaves, and old Liz Cochran showed up with one that had long thin pink and purple stripes.

But I didn't pay no attention. If these boys c'ld kid the Goliath slingers the way they'd kidded Barney's, it was jake with me, but I had Waldo Blatt to worry about. No later than the first round. The first man up whistled one down to Waldo, and Monty was on third base coachin'.

"Get two of 'em!" he yells and, sure enough, poor little Waldo whips the ball down to Weatherby, who I've got posted to expect it. Waldo gets mad and jumps for Monty, but Monty laughs and backs away quick. We get upset, and the Goliaths crack in two runs before we're settled. I could kill Monty Sawyer in cold, hot, or lukewarm blood. But no chance. Looks like we're ruined for second place, with him pullin' that stuff on Waldo, all because Waldo's been batted in the temple. I look over at old man Simmons, but he's only waggin' his head, there in his box, like he's sick over the sight.

(*Continued on page 28*)



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Continued from page 26

Up we go to hit. Jersey waggles his fool red and yellow stick, and hypnotizes the Goliath slinger long enough to get a walk. I signal Waldo to sacrifice, but he's mad, and swings. Lucky to hit clean. Then up comes Irish O'Connell, laughin', with his pink, green, and purple piece, and triples hard and long. Right then McGonigle, after talkin' with Monty, piles offa the bench and takes it on the run for the umps back of the plate.

"Charley," he yells, "y'll have to throw out them bats!"

"Whaddaya mean, 'have to'?" demands Charley. "No rule against colored sticks."

"I'll protest the game!" howls Mac.

"I don't have to listen to protests. Take 'em to the president of the league," says Charlie.

And he made 'em play ball! Well, sir, if it hadn't of been for Waldo Blatt's trouble, I'd a set back on my belt and laughed all afternoon. We scored fourteen runs 'at afternoon offa the best pitchin' Mac could dig up. Ever' man on his staff got popeyed in front of them fool bats, and we run wild. I never saw so much free and easy hittin' in all my life.

We win, away off. But Waldo throwed away another ball. And the next day, with everybody in forty miles of us present to watch the proceedin's, he throwed away another—but wait.

AFTER that first game I saw Monty and McGonigle talkin' together real earnest, but the only thing I could be sure of was that Monty wouldn't let it out that he'd started that camouflage bat stuff by tryin' to kid Lilah Buck. Bet on him to keep his own guilt hid. But him and McGonigle were darn serious, and Monty was doin' most of the talkin'. I mentioned it to Jocko, but he didn't have any ideas what they could be talkin' about.

Late that night, down at the hotel, I saw Jocko and Monty chinnin' together. Near as I could make out, Jocko was givin' Monty some advice, but Monty seemed to take it only as a joke.

"Gettin' sorta thick with the little thief," I said to Jocko after waitin' till Monty'd pulled out.

"Oh, just givin' him a warning," laughs Jocko. "Told him Waldo would kill him, and advised him to be ready to fight if Waldo come at him."

"Wanta get Monty killed?" I said.

"Do him good," says Jocko. And I felt that way about it myself.

That first win pulled us up to half a game of the Goliaths. McGonigle's crazy to get within hailin' distance of the leaders, because he wants into the big series this year and thinks he's due there. He's savin' Lefty Nubbins for that second scrap, and Lefty's the best McGonigle has ever been able to buy. I've got old popeyed Plug Brown ready to work, and it looks like we're due for a battle.

My gang is on the field peppin' it up, when the Goliaths come along with two chips on ever' shoulder, and four on each of McGonigle's. Looks like they're spoilin' for a fight. I keep an eye on Waldo, to be sure he don't get in any trouble, and it's a good thing I do, for all the Goliaths give him the razz. While I'm watchin' him, I hear a yell, and look around.

McGonigle's bat boys have opened the bat bags and dumped out the Goliath sticks, and—great rainbows!—of all the jamborees of color I ever laid eyes on, this was the worst. Ever' color ever invented was there, daubed and splashed all over them sluggin' pieces. The camouflage that Irish and Jersey and Skinny and the rest had pulled was childish alongside of this stuff.

"Oh, Lord!" I groaned to Jocko and Irish, on the bench. "Look at that. Some of our own medicine. Good—ohhh!" But I c'ld only groan.

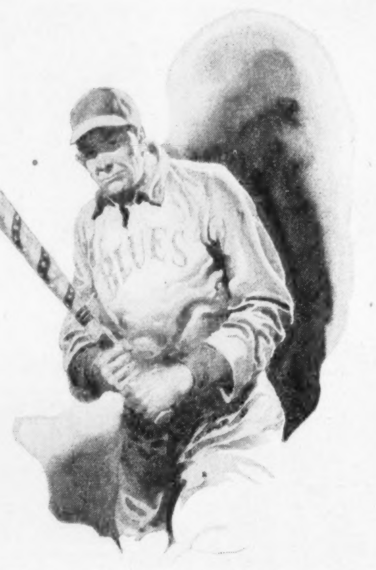
Jocko sorta laughed, but Irish looked serious. I jumped him quick.

"Well," I said, "you invented this poison. Grab us a cure, quick!"

Poor old Irish looked awful sick, because he'd never thought of that. Camouflage for the goose, I figured, would be apple sauce for the gander, and I saw our finish. We got some good pitchers, but none of 'em without enough imagination to be kidded by these here painted posts. Irish said he was sorry and wished he hadn't of started anything.

"But mebbe it won't be so bad," says Jocko. "Our pitchers oughta have enough sense to know there's nothin' to this bunk."

"Bunk?" I and Irish yells at the same time.



"Watch me whang 'em with this," says Irish

"Yeah," mutters Jocko, lookin' at the gate near the clubhouse.

Just then Charley and the other umps come out on the field and call for us to start our old ball game. The crowd warms up, we take the field, and the fight is almost on. I getta hold of old popeyed Plug Brown, and tell him this stuff about the painted bats is the bunk, and he laughs, sorta nervous. When I hear that, and see the way he looks, I kiss the old ball game good-by. They're gonna outcamouflage us at our own game.

CHARLEY has the announcer yell the batteries, dusts off the plate, and we start out. Up comes the Goliath leadoff, with a saw-toothed rainbow in his hand. He grins at Plug Brown, who looks dumb. Plug grooves it. Whang! Where? W'y, right down to poor little Waldo Blatt, of course.

"Get two!" screams Monty Sawyer, on the coachin' line. And, sure enough, Waldo flips the pill to second base. One on. None down. I look at Plug to see if he's lost his goat, and I hear a yell.

Monty Sawyer's yellin' again, because Waldo Blatt is divin' for him with both fists swingin'. I look up just in time to see it happen. Monty covers up and ducks his head—stands his ground. Waldo misses with both fists, and crashes into Monty, head on. Rather, head against head, and they both go down flat. Monty jumps up, because his knob's brass, but little Waldo stays down till we douse cold water on him.

Well, sir, I'm sick if I ever was in my life, and I've had diptheria, the flu and scarlet fever to boot. I hustle over and pick up that poor little kid offa the ground and start to the bench with him. No use lettin' him stay out there and get killed. Even if we lose alla the ball games this season.

"Hey, Bill, Bill!" and Waldo begins to scratch and kick. "Lemme down, Bill. I'm all right."

It was Waldo Blatt himself, come to a thousand ways. Gosh, I felt a ton offa my chest.

"All right, kid," I said.

"Listen," he says, standin' up and brushin' his clothes. "Feel great. That wallop against Monty's dome was just what I needed. Head ain't felt right since that first crack—up to now. Lemme back in there. I'll show 'em some sense."

And he pigeon-toed right back out on the field, with the big crowd givin' him the biggest hand y'ever heard. All I could do was stand and watch him. He slapped himself a couple times, grabbed his glove, and said much obliged to Monty, who didn't know he was bein' kidded.

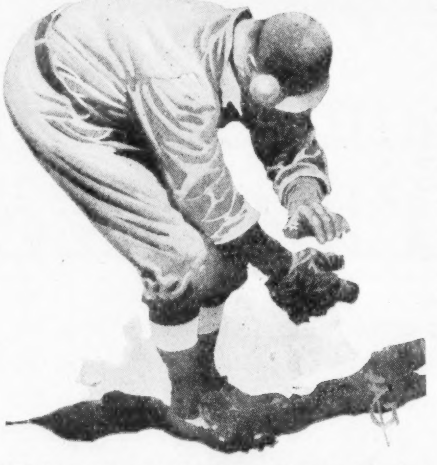
"Thanks, doctor," laughs Waldo, and yells for somebody to hit another one down to him.

I can see where somebody will, with them fool painted bats hypnotizin' Plug Brown. But while I feel relieved to know poor little Waldo's all right, I sit and wait for the elevator to go down. Up comes the second Goliath, with a bat which looks like a collection of colored Easter eggs broken out with the rash, and Plug Brown looks at him with his mouth open. Rather, at the bat, starin' his eyes out. I've got the habit, this last year, of lookin' to Jocko Jones when I'm in trouble, because he is a heavy thinkin' villyun. Of course, since his father-in-law's been in financial difficulty, he ain't been any use to me, but I looked over at him from force of habit, I guess.

HE'S lookin' past me t'ward the gate from the clubhouse, and for some reason I look around. And here comes a messenger boy, hurryin' like a funeral. He crawls past our bench and up to the plate. Charley stops the game a minute, and the boy hands him a telegram. Charley takes off his mast, opens the envelope, and reads the telegram. I'm wonderin' if his wife is sick, or sumpin, when I see Charley wig-waggin' me to come up to the box. While I'm on the way, he motions Jim McGonigle, the same way.

And when we get there, he reads us the telegram. Here is what it said:

Am appealed to by club owner to forbid use of painted and camouflaged bats because such things tend to make game ridiculous stop No rule against such practices but I hereby instruct you advise club managers no bats will be tolerated except standard shapes and sizes and normal wood colors excepting black stop Clubs using painted bats will face protest and loss of games thus won stop Detailed orders follow.



Waldo gets a bad bounce and the ball knocks him cold

Signed by the president of the league!

"Whatha whatha—" Jim McGonigle is dumb. Sore as a boiled lobster, but just as helpless.

"Is that clear, Mr. McGonigle, and Mr. Andrews?" says Charley.

"Why, listen," I began, thinkin' of them four games we won from Barney's gang, and seein' 'em ordered played over. Gosh, that hurt!

"Mebbe Barney's boss protested," says old Jocko Jones. "We just took him for four games in a row."

"But there's no rule against—" I begun again, thinkin' I had Jocko's drift. We'd win the games with camouflage, and we'd oughta kick, see?

"Sorry, but there's the telegram, and there's the order," says Charley. "I'll have to order all these rainbow sticks out of the game, boys."

Well, sir, I wanted to laugh, but takin' my cue from old Jocko Jones, who was waggin' his head awful serious, I kept my face straight. It was hard work, after seein' the expression on Jim McGonigle's face. He gritted his teeth. He screwed up his eyes. He scowled. He got red, and madder every second.

"This is a purty tough blow to us," says old Jocko Jones. "We'd been hittin' with these sticks—that is, all except me."

"Bunk, bunk!" growls Jim McGonigle. "But, say, Charley, we haven't any other bats. We're up against it, hard. Leave us—"

"Here, Jim," I said, "we can roll out a bunch from the clubhouse. Your gang can have their pick, and we'll take what's left. How's that?"

"Fair enough, Jim," snaps Charley. "Let's get busy, quick. We're holding up the game." And McGonigle had to cave in. I saw him give Monty Sawyer a dirty look, though.

"Nice work, Bill, offerin' Jim our bats," Jocko whispers to me, while the Goliaths are fussin' around with about three dozen bats I have brung out from the clubhouse. So I figure I'm not so slow in the upper stories, myself. A manager has to be quick, that way.

What? W'y, Waldo Blatt never throwed another ball anywhere except where it belonged. We nicked Lefty Nubbins for nine hits and three runs, which is plenty, for Plug Brown lams through to a shut-out with his first ball. As purty a battle as y'd wanta see, with Irish O'Connell hittin' safe twice, stealin' twice, and scorin' a pair of our runs on hits by old Jocko Jones.

THAT'S all there is to it, except that old man T. Everett Simmons come out to the clubhouse, all smiles, after it was over.

"Well, boys, here we are back in second place," he says—"where we belong. I'm proud of you. You rose to the emergency in nice shape. Had everything, and a little bit more. Now, then, I told you the other day I could not offer any rewards, but since that time I've straightened out some little matters that were bothering me, and—"

"Aw, now, Mister Simmons—" I began.

"And I wish to make a little present to the persons responsible for our recovery of second place. Who was it?" and he looked at me.

"Irish O'Connell and Waldo Blatt," I said, thinkin' of the camouflage and the bump on the head.

"Monty Sawyer!" they both yelled, with one breath.

"I wouldn't give Monty a pleasant thought," laughs the boss. "But what's the idea?"

"He started that camouflage business that we won five games with," says Irish. "Gimme the idea, through Lilah Buck."

"He bumped me on the head, so's I could get the cobwebs out of it," says Waldo. "And play sensible ball again."

"If y' ask me," I said, thinkin' about Charley's telegram from the president of the league, "I'd say y' owe a present to Barney. Though it was a dirty trick on his part to protest them four games and have the painted sticks thrown out."

"But he didn't protest," said Mr. Simmons, laughing. And I begun to smell a rat or three. "I wired the president of the league myself!"

"Then keep the bonus for y'rself," I said, beginnin' to laugh with the rest of the gang as we got the drift.

"But Jocko told me to send the telegram to the head of the league," Mr. Simmons admitted, lookin' at the big ham-handed, scow-footed tramp. "So I might as well keep it in the family. But if you hold second place through this series, I'll throw a dinner for the whole club. Thanks to Jocko."

And I'd thought the big bum had his mind miles away from baseball! What? Yeah, that dinner lasted clear through till breakfast. But don't tip Jim McGonigle. The meal we ate would give him apoplexy.

Will Wallace

Continued from page 10

two months with a sunburnt nose and large calluses on his hands. "Did you get a heavy part?" I asked. "I should say so," said Bill, "I've been pitching hay. But, say, it's wonderful exercise.",

Well, Bill found wonderful exercise when he went to San Francisco to be a newspaper man. One of his charms has always been his absent-mindedness. Once in our cow-chasing days an irritated bull came boiling our way and I shouted, "Run, Bill! Run for your life!" Bill emerged from his trance pretty soon and inquired, "Eh—what did you say?" The bull by that time had gone past him and knocked me down. And because Bill was absent-minded the editor of the San Francisco "Chronicle" gave him a job compiling statistics. After a while they found he couldn't get anything quite straight, so they promoted him to the job of Sunday Editor, where his talents would be appreciated.

John P. Young, editor of the "Chronicle," was the world's original conservative or standpatter. Sensation shocked him. So when Bill attempted to publish something modern, such as an article comparing the ankles of Lillian Russell to the muscle development of the anthropoid ape, John P. would shake his head and say, "Remember, this is a family newspaper." And when Bill would tone down his section with a table of statistics, showing the death rate from nervous prostration on the Island of Java from 1846 to 1891, Ernest Simpson, the city editor, would twiddle his thumbs and remark, "It's none of my business, but you can't make me laugh with that stuff."

What better training for a future war correspondent? When the World War finally broke out I knew for weeks ahead that it was coming. Bill was so restless. And when the storm finally broke I breathed a sigh of relief, feeling that for once there would be enough excitement to satisfy Bill. But Bill wasn't satisfied. He's come back and written two books and gone on the lecture platform to tell the world that, as far as he was concerned, the war was a failure.

I leave it to the reader. What are we going to do about Bill? As far as I'm concerned, I've given it up.

guide. Our first names have a common initial; we've written to a great extent for the same periodicals, including this one. And of course we're mixed all the time. Further, he married Letitia McDonald Irwin, and I, Inez Haynes Irwin. Then, hanging in the offing is Irvin Cobb. He reported the war; so did I. He is a humorist; so is Wallace. That, and the near-identity of his given name with our family name, is enough for the hazy-minded.

Long ago Wallace and I agreed that when anyone complimented one of us on the other's work, the complimentee would just bow and say nothing. It leads people to remark, "How versatile he is!" I get these step-compliments more often than Wallace.

I've adhered strictly to the agreement since the night I broke a woman's heart. I had perpetrated a lecture; the audience, relieved that it was over, was shaking my hand. A young woman came down the line.

"I enjoyed your 'Seed of the Sun' so much," she said.

"Very nice of you," I said, "but my brother Wallace wrote that."

"Oh, I know," she said, "I was mixed up! You're the Japanese schoolboy."

"Brother Wallace again," I said. She gulped. But she was a persistent lady:

"Didn't you do those delicious studies of adolescence—"

"Phœbe and Earnest," said I, somewhat grimly I suppose. "Written by my wife, Inez Haynes Irwin."

She gasped faintly at a last straw. "But you *did* do the Judge Priest stories?"

"No, Irvin Cobb," said I.

As she retreated she had the most discouraged-looking back I ever saw.

The kid has speed, curves, and control; above all, he's good in pinches. He does whatever he makes up his mind to do. When he was a police reporter he made up his mind he was going to be a literary person specializing on light verse. He climbed that height to the top. Then he made up his mind he'd write short stories. In a few years he was filling the magazines. He next made up his mind he'd write novels. His novels—well, the latest is out this autumn. Read it and see for yourself.

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

Continued from page 5

The Hon. Stephen sighed. Though dense, Brumbaugh wasn't impenetrable.

"Why," he said easily, "I've worked up to that fortunate position in which you were born. I've made all the money I need, and I feel that it is my duty to devote the rest of my life to public service. . . . No, I know what you're thinking—this talk of the governorship. But I am not seeking office. If the nomination is forced on me, I don't say I'll turn it down, but that isn't why I want the 'Balance.' I regard it merely as an opportunity for service; and since you have so many interests—"

"Oh, I couldn't give up the 'Balance,' Mr. Prime. In fact, I intend to devote more attention to it than ever—virtually to take over the direction of policy, if I may speak confidentially. I feel that it is not only an opportunity but a duty."

"We must all do our duty," Prime conceded.

HIS solemn tone seemed to impress Brumbaugh more favorably, but before he could reply a page came up with the whispered information that a gentleman was waiting for Mr. Prime in the lobby, and said that he was expected. He certainly was.

Slender, smartly tailored, with a drooping gray moustache, Prime's guest was looking at the paintings on the lobby wall with the eye of a stranger. Mr. Charles Cramer was rarely invited to the Athenæum Club, although its membership was based on distinction in fields where he might have claimed considerable eminence. Literary talent—there was no better textual critic in New York than Cramer—he had the keenest eye for defects in indictments, through which a guilty defendant might slip out. Learning—no man excelled him in citing forgotten precedents from ancient volumes, through which verdicts might be reversed on appeal. Public service—Cramer had undoubtedly lowered the death rate; thanks to him, many men were alive and flourishing who should long ago have died in the electric chair.

Yet, though constantly necessary to many persons, Mr. Cramer was not popular, perhaps because his clients found that when he had saved their skins he was not inclined to leave them much else. It was the highest possible testimony to the worldly standing of the Hon. Stephen Prime that even when he needed Cramer he could meet him as an equal.

"Well, Charles, shall we dine? Or would you rather talk business first?"

"Oh, dine first by all means. Otherwise why should you have asked me here to talk business?"

"Ah," said Prime, "I'd hoped to kill two birds with one stone—hoped, in fact, that by the time you got here I wouldn't need you. But I do, Charles. An expensive confession, I know, but I do. I missed the other bird."

"I thrive on being needed," said Cramer cheerfully. "But first let's try

(*Continued on page 30*)

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Friends of Mr. Sweeney

Continued from page 29

this famous filet of sole Athenæum."

An hour later, when they had taken their cigars to a secluded corner of the lounge, Prime finally began to talk business.

"Charles, did you ever hear of a country called Dragovina?"

"Oh, yes. One of the by-blows of the war, isn't it—a new state on the border of Russia?"

"A new republic," Prime corrected him, "not a new state. Dragovina is a republic now—not exactly Red, but very cerise; and the exiled aristocracy is all driving taxicabs or running restaurants in Berlin and New York. You probably know some of their places—the Superior Club, and so on?"

Cramer nodded.

"Well," Prime went on, "this republic—which is duly recognized by the State Department and all—likewise confiscated the grand ducal domains—amounting to about one third of the country and including some undeveloped iron mines which are potentially the richest east of the Rhine. And while the misguided inhabitants of Dragovina have the right to choose any form of government that suits them, I ask you, Charles, shall we countenance the confiscation of property? No. Let them expel their tyrannous Grand Duke if they will, but though His Serene Highness Michael XXIV has ceased to reign, the republic has no right to deprive the individual Michael Comnenoff of his real estate—amounting, as I was saying, to one third of the area of the country, and including the most valuable iron mines east of the Rhine."

"Is this Michael a friend of yours?" Cramer asked softly.

"Not a friend, Charles; but a business acquaintance. In fact, for the consideration of four hundred thousand dollars, cash, which his ex-Highness is blowing as fast as possible in Paris, I have acquired his title to all the grand-ducal domains—which, according to some expensive appraisers, are worth about a billion."

"Very good, Stephen. Very good."

"Not so good," Prime corrected him. "I have the title, but the republican government has the land."

"The government doesn't recognize your title?"

"Not at all. I've reasoned with them through their legation at Washington, but they're very hard-boiled. And in this enlightened age I can't hire a private army, like Cortez or Pizarro."

"I SHOULDN'T think the State Department would permit the confiscation of property belonging to an American citizen."

"You wouldn't think so, Charles, but they have no vision. You see, the State Department is Republican, and I am loyal to the party of Jefferson and Jackson, which threatens to make me Governor of New York."

"What else have you tried?"

"Well, there is the Fund for Relief in Dragovina. You may have heard of it. A very aristocratic enterprise—run by some of the exiled princes and counts here in New York, who, of course, get paid for their time and trouble. It appeals to the generous heart of America and occasionally extracts a dollar from it. But it has extracted damn near four hundred thousand from me—money chucked in a bottomless pit."

"Why? Doesn't Dragovina need relief?"

"Of course not. We had our feeding stations and orphanages well photographed and press-agented, but about three quarters of this money was used for other and more urgent purposes."

"Ah, yes," said Cramer. "I remember now. They had a revolution last month, or a near-revolution."

"Nowhere near enough," said Prime gloomily. "The army refused to mutiny. The populace refused to rise. The loyal subjects of Michael XXIV, who started the fuss, were all stood up against the nearest wall and copiously shot. In short, there seems to be nothing about which Dragovina is less enthusiastic than the return of Michael XXIV, in whom I have invested eight hundred thousand dollars."

"You've dropped more than that in smaller deals," said Cramer. "If you're asking my advice, legal and personal—take your loss and forget it."

"They won't let me forget it," said the Honorable Stephen. And Charles Cramer threw his cigar in the fireplace and leaned forward with his first sign of interest.

"WHY, of course," said Prime, "I couldn't control the expenditure of this money on the other side. My Dragovinian conspirators were tied up with all sorts of reactionaries—German, Hungarian, Russian—who wanted to pull off a general revolution and stage a come-back of all the unemployed kings. I couldn't help that and as this governorship business hadn't come up then I didn't care.

"But now, Charles, the revolution has gone blah and I am running for governor. Suppose it got out that I had taken money from charitable America to relieve suffering and distress, and used it to start a new war in Europe. That is the way biased and bigoted persons would represent it, particularly of the opposite party. That's a felony, of course. Even if they couldn't hang it on me, they could kill my boom."

"I take it somebody has threatened to squeal," said Cramer.

"Worse than a threat. He has squealed. There was a low rascal named Dubnitzky, who was a professor in the University of Dragovina. He'd once flunked a student who is now president of the republic, so Dubnitzky had to go into exile with the aristocrats, and through some awful error he got a job in the offices of the relief fund. It seems he actually thought all this money was going to be spent for relief, and when he found out it wasn't it gave him quite a shock. He kept still about it because he needed his job and didn't realize he could sell the story, but last week he came down with some disease or other that took him off. He'd written out all he knew about the fund, and when the doctor told him there was no hope he mailed the story to old Folsom, the editor of the 'Balance.'"

"Why to the 'Balance,' when any newspaper would have paid—"

"Oh, this Dubnitzky had the idea, as any professor on the other side of Europe might, that old Folsom was the dean of American letters. He talked enough to one of the executives of the fund, before he died, to convince me that he did a pretty thorough job. Of course my name isn't in it. But if Folsom prints the story the district attorney will get after the princes and counts, and the two or three people who know will squeal; and then your client will go to Sing Sing instead of Albany."

"Too bad it's Folsom," said Cramer. "You can't buy him."

"And Brumbaugh's behind the 'Balance.' You can't buy him either—he doesn't need it. So, Charles, here is where you think."

"Oh, I began thinking some time back. The 'Balance' is losing money—"

"I tried to buy the damn thing this evening," Prime confessed, "but he wouldn't sell."

"I suppose he knows Folsom has the story."

"Undoubtedly. He keeps pretty close to the 'Balance.'"

"Do you know where this document is?"

"Well, it's had plenty of time to get there, so I suppose it's in the safe at the magazine office. I'd give fifty thousand to anybody who'd get it out."

"*You* can't hire yeggs, Stephen. And I don't need to. . . . Curiously, the 'Balance' has given a good deal of editorial support to the relief fund."

"Oh, Brumbaugh's got a weakness for relief funds. He even gave us a couple of thousand himself. That's why he'll never forgive us. He likes to be generous, but he hates to be trimmed."

"True," said Cramer thoughtfully. "You spoke of the Superior Club, Stephen—one of the night cafés kept by your Dragovinian exiles. "Do you know a Princess Araxine?"

"Certainly. Tall blond girl—one of the hostesses. She hasn't got any money in the restaurant, but they gave her a job for old time's sake."

"I think," said Cramer, "you will find that she is the source of Brumbaugh's interest in the Dragovina relief fund."

The Hon. Stephen sat open-mouthed and helpless.

"Brumbaugh?" he gasped at last. "Ashton W. Brumbaugh, the pillar of the church?"

"DON'T be malicious. It's purely platonic. Everybody knows that Brumbaugh is loyal heart and soul to his wife, and he's too parsimonious to keep a woman on the side. A princess, at any rate. They come high. No, I hear that he and the princess were drawn together by their common interest in suffering humanity. At least she probably thinks so and he certainly thinks so. Still, there it is. And as Mrs. Brumbaugh has happened to be out of town for the last week at the D. A. R. convention, Brumbaugh has spent every evening at the Superior Club. I often drop in at the Superior Club after the theater."

"Well!" said Prime. "This is a great discovery, but now that we've got it what are we going to do with it? Just because this girl induced Brumbaugh to put some stuff into the 'Balance' is no sign that she can persuade him to keep something out of the 'Balance.' And why should she? I know how my exiles feel when after long years they've snuggled up into the radiance of any large sum of money. You can't drive them away with a club. Besides, she may like Brumbaugh."

"Stephen! A princess of the most sophisticated and decadent aristocracy in Europe, really liking *him?* You ought to write for the movies. But luckily everybody has weak points on which pressure can be exerted. We put pressure on her, she puts pressure on Brumbaugh, and Brumbaugh puts pressure on Folsom."

"How does she put pressure on Brumbaugh?"

"Leave that to her—she's a clever girl. Let's go over to the Superior Club and talk to her."

"Fine," said Prime. "My car's right outside."

It was a good car—a big, highly polished coupé with the figure of a winged girl poised for swooping flight on the radiator cap, and "P. D." in big brass letters on the front.

"Always drive it myself," said Prime. "I find it takes my mind off business to work through the traffic. Though with these police initials on the front I usually get the right of way. . . . Lord, Charles, I feel better. You're sure Brumbaugh has the whip hand over Folsom?"

"Brumbaugh has the money," said Cramer.

"And he's all we need to worry about? There's nobody else on the 'Balance' who counts, is there?"

"No," said Cramer. "Nobody else who counts."

ASAPH HOLLIDAY trudged down a long corridor in the Astor Hotel and paused outside a bedroom door. He knocked, entered, and shook hands with a tall, heavy man in undershirt and trousers who held a safety razor in one hand.

His face, or so much of it as was free from lather, was pink—the sort of pink that no amount of exposure to sun and storm can weather to a darker hue. The hair was a pinkish red; the eyes, gleaming in the shadow of an aggressive beaklike nose, were as coldly blue as ice-water lakes flanking a mountain ridge.

The same old Rixey, but magnified; a man whom taxi drivers would not dispute nor head waiters ignore. Holliday shivered as they exchanged greetings, conscious of his own contrasting insignificance.

"Excuse me while I finish my shave, won't you?" said Rixey. "Sit down, and have a cigar. You look thin, Ace, —thin and pale. Working too hard?"

"Oh, yes," said Holliday, really believing himself. "And a desk job isn't very healthy."

Rixey gazed at him severely as he stropped his razor.

"Don't blame it all on the job, Ace. It's the town. New York is poison. I used to like it when we were in college, but it's not the town it used to be. Nothing but a robber's cave. New York is the bunk. Now, out in California—"

"Where would you like to dine?" Holliday interrupted, not wishing to spend the next hour listening to an anthem to the Golden State.

"Anywhere but the Nonpartisan Club—or one of these Broadway dance palaces that sport a five-dollar cover charge and a fifty-cent cabaret show as an excuse for it. Let's just go some place where there's good fellowship and human feeling—"

Holliday sighed. The Old Wistaria Tea Room hardly met that requirement. But the food was good, and it was the only restaurant he knew.

"I was thinking of going to a nice quiet place where we can talk," he ventured. "A place my wife likes. . . . I'm married, you know."

"Yes," said Rixey, "I could see that . . . How about your job? Is it good?"

"It will be good some day, if I wait long enough."

"Hell!" Rixey snorted. "A job's like a woman. The good ones won't wait. You have to go out and grab 'em. This is a competitive world, Ace, and the way to get ahead is to compete."

"I'm not very good at competition," Holliday confessed dolefully. "If I can't get ahead on my merits—"

Rixey groaned. "Fifteen years out of college, and you still talk about getting ahead on your merits? Who knows you've got these merits if you don't advertise them? I'm no Rockefeller, Ace, but I've got as much money as I need: I like my job; I do as I please and

---

Martyrs Don't Need Sympathy

TWO acquaintances of mine recently got into trouble. Smith suffered financial reverses due to the wickedness of his business partner, and Gilroy came face to face with bankruptcy through nobody's fault but his own. He persisted in monkeying with the stock market, with the usual result. At first I was inclined to feel sorry for Smith and not waste much sympathy on Gilroy. But now I find myself feeling sorry backward. Smith is enjoying a comfortable sense of martyrdom at having been wrecked when not in the slighest degree to blame. But Gilroy, knowing that his troubles must rest only on his own shoulders, is miserable and in need of sympathy. We all love to feel imposed upon, but nothing is more terrible than to get in wrong and then be unable to find anybody to blame it on. Even if it's only losing a fish, the man with the pole knows that it was the fault of the fellow with the landing net, and the one with the net is conscience-clear, believing that the other man gave too much slack.—Fred C. Kelly.

people can take it or leave it. How do I do it? On my merits? No. I know I'm good, but I have to spend most of my time making other people know it. Ace, you didn't use to be like this. Working on that punk highbrow magazine must have spoiled you. You were meant for something better—something—"

"Pernicious and dread," Holliday muttered.

"What's that?"

"Never mind," said Holliday disconsolately, wishing that he had followed his first impulse and left Rixey to remember him as he had been before he had to work for a living. "Whatever I was meant for, I didn't get there. Hurry up with that collar and tie. It's nearly eight o'clock, and I'm hungry!"

THEIR taxi edged its way out of the crowded traffic of the theater district, zigzagged uptown and eastward, and presently turned off into a long quiet block of houses all alike. Halfway down the block—just this side of the modest sign that marked the Old Wistaria Tea Room—a stoop had been torn away, and two steps down substituted for a dozen steps up. Where tradesmen had once gone down to the basement entrance, there was now a huge glass door backed by an iron grille, with a great lantern burning yellow above it.

As they approached, a limousine shot past their taxi and drew up at the curb. From the grilled door a tall spruce man with bristling military mustaches, in long red coat and gold-braided cap, rushed out to open the door of the car. With a bow that was courtly rather than servile he held it open while a woman stepped out, furred and jeweled; then another and another; then two men in evening dress, the glow from the yellow lantern reflected in their glossy silk hats. They passed in; the man in red closed the grilled door behind them; the car drew slowly away to take its place in the long row parked across the street.

"A quiet little place where we can talk!" Rixey laughed. "Well, all right, Ace. This is your party. Only I wish you'd told me to dress up."

"No, no," said Holliday nervously. "That isn't the place. We're going next door, where you see the little sign. I don't know this place. It must be new."

But Rixey's eyes were drawn toward the grille where the red-coated porter had turned a contemptuous back on the street life outside.

"What's the difference? This dump looks pretty good. Let's give it a tumble."

The taxi drew up to the curb and let them out.

"This is probably one of those cover-charge cabarets you don't like," Holliday warned his companion, and there was growing nervousness in his voice.

"What of it?" said Rixey cheerfully. "In Rome be a Roman. So long as I'm in New York for only one night, I might as well see what's there, cover charge and all."

"You don't understand," Holliday protested, receiving two dimes from the chauffeur and giving one of them back. "I—I'd much prefer the Old Wistaria. Really. I don't know anything about this place—"

The taxi driver pocketed his dime with a sniff.

"You guys better lay off that dump," he advised. "It ain't your speed. That's the Superior Club."

"Huh?" Rixey barked. "Superior to what?"

But the taxi driver was on his way.

"See," said Holliday frantically, "that settles it. It's a club, and we don't belong. If we tried to go in, they'd put us out."

"Oh, they would, would they? Ace, I've stood enough from this four-flushing town. When they say superior they've got to prove it. Let's see just how superior this place is."

"But, Rixey! You're not going to—"

"Crush the gate? I certainly am, and you're going to do it with me. The trouble with you, Ace, is that the universe has got you bluffed. Come along with me and I'll show you how to beat it."

He strode across to the grilled door and rang the bell. Holliday stood still, cold with horror. Emerging from the recesses of the vestibule, the red-coated porter came out to the glass door and looked through it coldly.

Asaph Holliday groaned, shivered, and then stumbled across the sidewalk and took his stand beside Rixey; or, if not beside him, at any rate just behind him. He had more to lose than Rixey; his dignity was at stake. But the pull of old comradeship was too strong. Whoever rebuffed one of them would have to rebuff them both.

At last the porter threw open the door.

"Well?" he demanded coldly.

"Good evening," said Rixey calmly, and pushed past him, Holliday at his heels. The red-coated functionary swung about and faced them with a cold stare that was nothing to the cold stare Rixey turned on him. But an ex-major general must do his duty.

"The gentlemen are not members," he said coldly. "Are they introduced?"

Rixey towered above him, Rixey's broad shoulders thrust past him. With an air of reluctant condescension he explained:

"We're friends of Mr. Sweeney."

Turning his back on the major general, he strode on, through a swinging door at the inner side of the vestibule. Holliday slunk along at his heels, expecting every instant to feel the porter's hand falling heavily on his shoulder. But no hand fell; the porter had stepped aside, with something like a bow. Holliday pushed through the swinging door, breathing heavily, and gave his coat and hat to another military-looking person in Cossack uniform who bowed deeply as he handed Rixey the check. Apparently persons who were once in the Superior Club were bowed at as a matter of course.

"See?" said Rixey calmly. "All you need is the front."

"Rixey," Holliday begged hoarsely, "who is Sweeney?"

Rixey chuckled. "We all know him," he said. "Hogan or Einstein or Van Rensselaer would have done as well. Any resonant mouth-filling name, that's good and common."

"But I don't know anybody named Sweeney," Holliday protested.

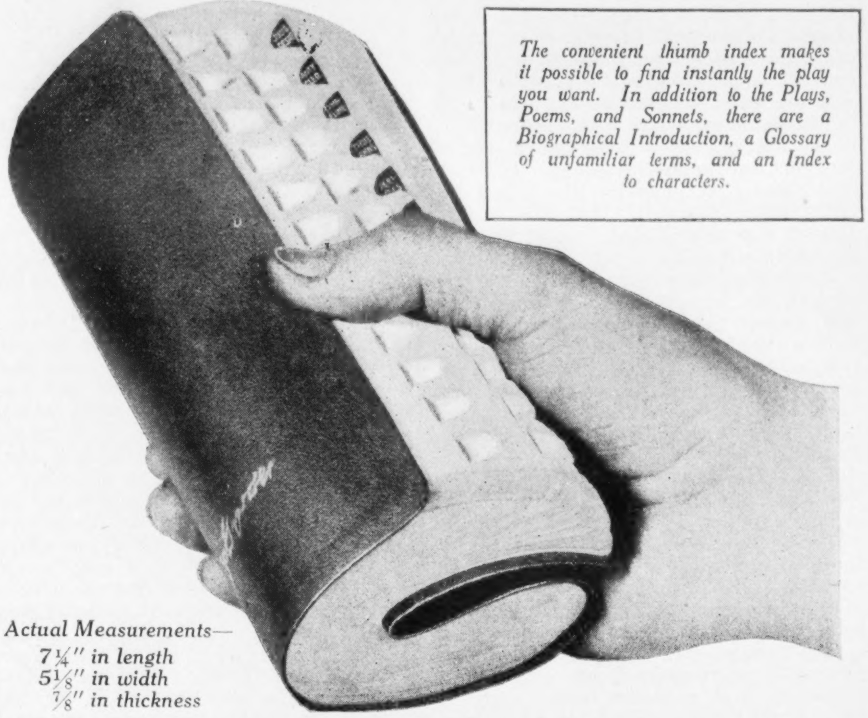
"Lord, Ace, the name's nothing. It's the way you say it. Everybody in New York, or anywhere else for that matter, is afraid of the Man Higher Up. Somewhere there's always a big fellow who's got the little fellow's number, and the little fellow knows it. So all you need is to act like one of the big fellows. Throw a front; make 'em think you're a Man Higher Up yourself, and your fortune's made. That's all you need, Ace. Look New York in the eye. You watch me, old-timer, and I'll show you how to beat this town."

THERE was, after all, nothing inordinately superior about the Superior Club. They came into a long dining-room crowded with tables, with a small dancing floor at the other end where an orchestra played Dragovinian folk songs translated into jazz. Dancers bumped each other on the floor; there was noise, buzzing conversation, the blended scent of perfume and cigarette smoke, the black of dinner coats and the bright color of evening gowns. Mr. Holliday shivered. Not in years had he been in such a place as this. Maybe they would be rebuffed yet.

But they weren't. As they entered and looked about for a table they came under the scrutiny of the suave and slender Raphael, high priest and head waiter of the Superior Club. These two newcomers were in business clothes and rather shabby business clothes at that. Nearly everybody came to the Superior Club in evening dress. Those who didn't were obviously persons of such importance that they could dress as they pleased.

Raphael couldn't recall their faces, but recalling faces was primarily the

(*Continued on page 32*)



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Friends of Mr. Sweeney

Continued from page 31

business of the ex-major general at the door. To get past him these strangers must have identified themselves as persons of consequence. So Raphael himself placed them at a table on the edge of the dancing floor, just vacated by a party setting out for the opera, one of the best tables in the house. Holliday concluded that perhaps Rixey had the right idea after all. Act like a Man Higher Up and all things else shall be added unto you.

Raphael left them, and a young woman in Dragovinian costume, who had owned thirty thousand acres and half a dozen castles before the revolution, offered them a bill of fare. Now, Mr. Holliday had for some years past been on a diet. Alice had convinced him that the ideal dinner for an intellectual worker—not for her—was a thin soup, followed by spinach and a hard-boiled egg. Habit drove him to order it again to-night, but when he looked at the prices on the card he knew that Rixey would think he was trying to eat within his means.

"Don't let me scare you," he said. "I eat for my health."

"No wonder you look puny. Now as for me, I want some food. Some hors d'œuvres, and a green turtle soup; a little of that roast guinea hen; and now as to salad—"

While Rixey was pampering his passions all the way down the card Holliday looked about him. These were ordinary-seeming people, except for the rich gowns and the lavish display of jewels, and Holliday knew that he was ill at ease only because for years he had been associating with extraordinary people—the sort that read the "Balance" and belonged to the Nonpartisan Club and attended his Sunday evenings at home. To-night he was experiencing one of his rare contacts with the human race—the rude persons who spoke ungrammatically, thought hazily or not at all, loved violently (if you could believe the newspapers), and made money. In a sense he was seeing the world—the world to which he had belonged in college, and to which, he realized with horror, he would like to belong again.

But association with rich rude persons who drank forbidden liquor would never do for Alice's husband, or an editor of the "Balance."

THE music stopped and the dancers trooped back to their tables. Mr. Holliday's throat suddenly dried and contracted; his stomach seemed to vanish away. For at an alcove table across the dancing floor he had seen a thin, earnest face behind rimless glasses.

"Brumbaugh!" he moaned.

Mr. Holliday was ruined. To be seen here would kill forever his chance of inheriting Folsom's job, and might even cost him his own. In a moment Brumbaugh would see him, at that terribly conspicuous table to which Raphael had brought him, and this was no place where Asaph Holliday could afford to be seen. He thought wildly of announcing a sudden illness and staggering out, but before he could rise it was too late. The thin, earnest face had turned and Brumbaugh's eye caught his.

Then Holliday stifled a laughing sob of relief. If this was no place for him to be seen by Brumbaugh, it was equally no place for Brumbaugh to be seen by him. And that was the side of the case that impressed Brumbaugh, who started and stared, and then hastily returned Holliday's nod with a rather too eager cordiality.

Beside him sat a tall blond woman in green, her green eyes opaque as her jade earrings, her fingers toying with a liquor glass whose green contents reflected the sparkle of the emeralds on her fingers. And Mrs. Brumbaugh was in Washington, at the convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The thought that now came to Mr. Holliday was low and unworthy, but he couldn't repress it. He had something on his boss.

Rixey broke in with: "Look here, Ace, I don't suppose I'll ever have a chance to entertain you on the coast, so let's split this. You can buy the dinner if you want to, but let me buy the drinks."

"Drinks?"

"You haven't sworn off, have you?"

"Alice says," Holliday confessed weakly, "that the stuff they sell now isn't safe."

"Look around you," Rixey suggested. "Everybody's pouring it in, and do you see anybody being carted off to the morgue? No. Do you see anybody who looks rotted away by corrosive poisons? No. A place like this doesn't sell white mule, Ace; it imports the real stuff. Come on, now; don't spoil the party."

But Holliday's eyes were on Brumbaugh. "Oh, I don't think I can—"

"Well, I can, and I'm going to. Mademoiselle!"

But the noble waitress, having heard Mr. Rixey's desire, responded vaguely and disappeared. It was a rule that drinks for new guests must always be referred to Raphael; and Raphael once more looked at this pair of strangers with a frown. The formidable redheaded person had got past the porter, therefore he must be somebody. Raphael knew many people, but New York is a large town, and nobody can know all the somebodies. Rixey certainly looked like somebody, but you never can tell.

So, with catlike suavity, he came down to their table.

"Messieurs will pardon," he murmured in flutelike tones. "We serve only nonalcoholic drinks."

"What?" Rixey barked. "Do you think I'm blind?"

Raphael, the slim and Apollo-like, shrugged gracefully. "We must obey the law," he repeated with smooth firmness. "Monsieur will understand that it is the rule of the house."

"Young man," said Rixey sharply, "you needn't think you can put anything over on me. I'm on to this town. Now bring me a quart of champagne."

Raphael's reply was still soft-voiced, but the flutelike murmur and the French accent were gone.

"When I worked at Nigger Mike's in the old days," he whispered, "I pitched bigger bums than you out on their bean; and if you start anything I'll do it again."

HOLLIDAY, uninterested in this argument, had let his curious eyes wander again toward Brumbaugh and the tall blonde. Brumbaugh looked up and once more was suffused with a guilty blush. To carry off his confusion, he lifted a glass and waved it in greeting.

Holliday felt profoundly ashamed. Brumbaugh had never waved a glass at him before. Probably he had never waved a glass at anybody before; he wasn't a waver. Yet now, because his employee had seen him with an unidentified woman, he felt constrained to put on the manner of a gay reveler, to treat Holliday as a comrade in crime. It was indecent. . . .

Holliday turned to find the war cloud at his own table dissolving, and Raphael smiling like the sunshine of April.

"Ah!" he cried softly, flutelike voice and French accent returning, "the gentlemen will pardon. If they are friends of Mr. Brumbaugh—"

"There!" Rixey snorted. "What did I tell you, Ace? The evening has begun."

(To be continued next week)

Millie Turner Waits for Jim

Continued from page 22

down her hair. He was a youngster at the time. Nineteen, or twenty. They'd lived together for a year. It might have been his fault as much as hers they'd quarreled. He wasn't hanging medals on himself. But she'd packed her clothes—they had a bedroom in a boarding house—and gone away one noon. It was six months or so before he'd heard from her. She was out West with her brother then. She'd told him to forget it; she was through. She didn't need his money. Her brother had had a run of luck, and she'd be square enough to tell him so.

Seven years. He'd let things slide. You know the way it goes. A man can forget a lot of things in seven years. He ought to have started out to settle things before he ever spoke to Millie. No doubt of that. Of course he meant to do it now—

Jim Holden was no man for eloquence. Millie always did the talking for them both. But this time, while No. 32 was marking time to take on freight, he got a story off his chest without waste of words.

He had taken off his neckpiece now, and stood there wrapping up the ring.

"I won't be back until it's straight," he told her. "You'll be waiting when I come?"

"You come first," she answered, "and you'll see."

THEY brought a prince to Madam Butterfly when her lieutenant went away. He was an old man, but he was well-to-do and ready to be married. Madam Butterfly preferred to wait. Millie Turner had no prince, but princes do not travel on the C. L. & B., and Millie might have had a traveling salesman if she'd wanted one.

It was easy at first to wait for Jim. There were days when it almost seemed as if she ought to have her bag packed. She'd get a postal now and then: Jim had gone to see his wife and settle things. There would come a panorama of the City Hall or Fairbanks Park, with a finely scribbled message on its three-eighths inch of margin. It had rained a lot, or the nights were cold, or the city was a hard place to get used to. Millie kept those cards in a Pullman envelope. Jim had been a generous spender, but he hadn't gone in for treasures that would last. Postal cards were all she had that ever had belonged to him. Postal cards and lemon pies.

And for a time, whenever custard tops seemed extra thick or extra fine, Millie felt she'd like to put a piece aside where Jim could get it in the evening.

Train No. 32, and its companion, No. 7, mattered less as time went by. What counted was the day's adventure with the postman. "Nothing to-day," he would tell her most of the time, "but just pour me out a cup of coffee, will you? Cold as blazes out of doors."

By and by the post cards stopped. Millie didn't know it at the time. The only way you know a thing like that is to look back on it afterward. Two months between. Three months. Five. Then a gentle fadeaway. Sometimes, from the engineman on 32, Millie would hear a bit of news. Jim had fallen in with some old friend, or joined a lodge, or found a job railroading in the West. A steady job? One that was going to keep him there? "He didn't say."

It took a lot of time for weeks and months to stow themselves away. Slowly this outpost of the C. L. & B. changed hands. Judson Clark, in the baggage-room, moved out of town one spring and brought a daughter with him when he came back home again. Old Sam Cole rode away one night in a well-groomed box to a town for which he'd sold ten thousand round-trip tickets in his time. Millie Turner shined her cups and spoons and watched the years go by.

When Pikerton came back to Madam Butterfly she'd heard the guns down in the harbor and knew that he was on his way. Millie Turner just looked up from a plate of ham and eggs one night and saw Jim Holden sitting there.

She was another Millie Turner when that moment came. A plump Millie—who would have predicted it, at thirty-five? And she couldn't dart across the room the way she used to meet him; but it wasn't more than a second or two before she was at his side.

"Well, Millie, here we are again." He smiled. "You're looking well." He took her hand.

JIM back! She hadn't expected it this way. How long had he been gone? She was thinking of things that never had occurred to her. Things like pounds and lips and hair. He's heavier, she thought. And something's different with his mouth. What had happened to that curly hair? The fringes left above his ears were thin and straight.

"Jim, where's your wife?"

"Dead, Millie. I buried her last fall." His eyes dropped to the counter, halted for a moment at a lemon pie! "You see, I stuck it out," he said. "I didn't have the heart to break with her when I got back again. I thought I could, but I sort of didn't get around to it at first, and after that it was too late. We quarreled some. But not so much the last few years. We were kind of tired of it then."

He had let go of her hand and was fumbling, now, for something in his pocket.

"You're free?" she asked.

He nodded.

She seemed to doubt his word. Free? Maybe so. But not free the way a curly-headed Jim was free. To middle age or indecision, to some dead love or some dead dream, intuition told her that he was chained.

"And now?" she asked.

"Well, I've saved a little money now," he said, "and I sort of thought I'd try the East a while. You know. The time comes when a fellow likes to start out fresh."

"Children?"

He shook his head.

"You'll go alone?"

"Well, maybe not alone. You see, I kind of thought—"

She knew what it was that he kind of thought, but it didn't hold her interest. She was thinking now of a story she had read. A girl was waiting in a tower for one of those fellows—knights, they were—who used to go to war in iron suits. Years she had been waiting there, and the fellow never guessed it.

She wiped two hands that were red and fat upon her apron. Then she shook her head. "No, Jim," she said.

Outside, No. 6 or No. 9 or No. 32—with a start it came to her that after all these years she couldn't remember right this minute which was which—stood waiting while freight was being dumped aboard its baggage car.

Jim seemed to have found what he'd been looking for, but put it back again.

"Millie, you wouldn't come along with me?" he asked.

She shook her head.

He seemed to want to go away, but sat there watching her. A brass clock on the wall marked Central Standard beat its way in even ticks.

A door opened. It seemed a long time before a brakeman put his head inside. Then a voice began. "Eastbound local—ready now! Hillside, Creston, Church's Ferry, Centertown, Endicott, and points east—all abo-o-ard!"

Jim found his feet and got up from the counter. "Well, I guess I might as well be going then." Even when he reached to take her hand again he seemed uncertain.

"Good-by, Jim. Good luck to you."

At the door he turned. Train lights were slipping past the windows now.

"I won't forget," he told her.

"Good luck," she said.

What was it she'd been planning to do to-morrow?

Genuine Imported

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4½ Power

$1.00 Postpaid

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Protect yourself against hold-up, rowdies, etc. with this clever cigarette case of light weight metal. Looks exactly like the real thing! Pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing your cigarettes. **Lots of fun** scaring your friends, and a great protector. Sold exclusively by us. **PAY POSTMAN $1.79 on delivery plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.**

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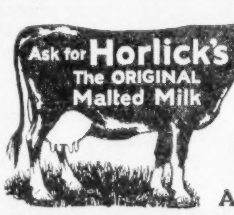

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PATENTS Write for our free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of invention for *Free* Examination and Instructions.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., 631 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

BOYS WANTED

Any live-wire boy between the ages of 10 and 16, who wants to earn his own spending money and get dandy prizes besides, can easily do so.

You can have a Crowell Junior Sales Agency in your town and build up a route of regular customers for WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, and COLLIER'S, The National Weekly—America's three leading magazines.

Let me tell you how to do it!

Write me to-night

JIM THAYER
The Crowell Publishing Company
Dept. 18, Springfield, Ohio

WE SEE BY THE PAPERS
RAY ROHN

ARRESTED in Los Angeles for speeding, a young man named W. G. Lowell is sentenced by the court to read the newspapers for six months and copy all the traffic accidents in a notebook.

Punishment to fit the crime—it is too good an idea, thinks the New York "World," to be allowed to perish in one trial.

Why not six months of sitting in the audience for political orators who tell funny stories, and a solid week of "Limehouse Blues" played with a steel needle at the bedside of the man who runs his phonograph when everybody else in the block has gone to bed?

* * *

WILLIAM McADOO, chief magistrate of the City of New York, has written a book for E. P. Dutton & Co., which does not stop with technicalities of the law. It discusses censorship, the pistol and its possibilities, the use of opium, and amateur baseball in a country town.

* * *

"DOG Man at the White House" is the title borne by Wilson Jackson—a faithful, dark-skinned servant who has been taking care of White House pets for twenty years.

Jackson it was who took Laddie Boy on morning walks, bought Miss Alice Roosevelt the first pair of silk stockings she ever wore, and carried Woodrow Wilson around the grounds of the White House in those last Presidential days.

"To all would-be biographers of the last five Presidents of America," writes Miss Kathleen Woodward in the New York "Times," "I commend the Dog Man at the White House—the most informed man on Presidential persiflage and personality in these United States—a peerless source of precise information—a very repository of the intimate data and revealing detail out of which modern biography is made."

* * *

THIS is a great age for the younger generation. Schoolboys used to start with d-o-g and c-a-t, but when the screen star Baby Peggy is old enough to go to school she can start on one of her own classics. "Baby Peggy's Story Book" is the title of a collection of stories now put out by Stokes & Co.

* * *

GERONIMO ESPINOSA, jailed in Redlands, Cal., is hailed by that city's press as "the world's most boneheaded burglar."

Robbing a house in the residence district, he carried off everything not nailed down, including a camera with half a roll of films shot.

Being an economical soul, Geronimo shot the rest and took them to a drug store to be developed. When he came to get the prints, the developer had the police waiting to receive him.

* * *

HARRY NEGGESMITH, whose name means nothing in the news, but who had the honor of teaching Lillian Russell to ride a bicycle in the days when it was all the rage to wear white pants or a sateen skirt and ride up Broadway on a tandem, rounded out thirty-two years of service with the New York Police Department a week ago and retired on a pension.

The "bicycle craze" was getting its start when Neggesmith went on the force. Teamsters didn't like this new intrusion on their highways, and used to annoy cyclists by cutting in ahead of them to see how close they could come to a collision.

Neggesmith, first policeman on the cycle squad, had to put a stop to that. Times change. It comes as a reminder of life's pace in the '90's to observe that part of his duty was to enforce the law against riding on the handlebars.

* * *

FROM "Rum Row," where a bootleg fleet marks time outside the harbor of New York, come tales of piracy and high adventure rivaling anything in Stevenson or Sabatini. Many of these tales are true, thinks Captain Bernard H. Camden, executive officer of the New York District of the Coast Guard.

"Have you ever stopped to consider the amount of cash that might be accumulated aboard one of these vessels?" he asks.

"Supposing a vessel carries 5,000 cases of liquor. Sold at $40 a case, this would bring $200,000 in cash.

"Rum runners are men of desperate character. The head of the crew comes aboard, bringing with him a companion, and together they barter with the captain in his cabin.

"The captain thinks he knows them and is not suspicious. But at a given signal they attack, and before the captain knows what has happened they have beaten him into unconsciousness.

"The discharge of a revolver may be the signal for the waiting members of the rum runner's crew to hop aboard."

* * *

RICHARD O. MARSH, the explorer who went into the jungles of Central America and discovered a tribe of "white Indians," learned how rapidly the sixth century can catch up with the twentieth.

When he brought three primitive ladies to the seaport town of Colon, their first public act was to get their hair bobbed.

* * *

FIVE radio stations along the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards now broadcast medical advice for ships too small to carry their own doctors.

In New York, Hudson Street Hospital picks up these calls, handles them free of charge, assigns a physician to each case, and sometimes calls half a dozen medical men into consultation, so that the sick or injured sailor, even halfway across the Atlantic, enjoys the services of the best talent available in the city.

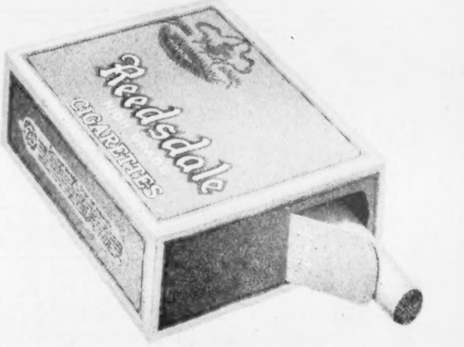
* * *

HOUDINI, the magician, was entertaining a few friends at dinner. "He'll be here in a minute," his wife explained to the guests in the parlor. "I've sent him to the kitchen on an errand."

But time passed, and the host failed to issue from seclusion. Ultimately Mrs. Houdini reappeared, to call for volunteers. "Will somebody be good enough to step into the kitchen?" she inquired.

Famous the world over—this man Houdini—for his ability to pick locks when he is hanging from a twenty-story building by his heels; but home life is another matter.

"Harry is having a hard time," his wife explained. "Maybe one of you men can help him open the ice box."



Each cigarette stays perfect in this package until you smoke it

There is hardly anything more perfect than the cigarettes rolled by the marvelous modern machines with which all great cigarette factories are equipped.

That is, they are perfect when they come from the machines and practically as perfect when they reach the smoker.

But what about the final five of a package of twenty, after the package has become crushed in the pocket, and the tail-enders thrown crosswise and generally tangled up? Or how about those that wander out of the package into the pocket?

Twenty-five per cent of the once perfect cigarettes in the ordinary container are apt to end up flattened, bent, broken, and in a generally disreputable condition.

So, buying twenty cigarettes, you may get fifteen perfect ones, and five in various states of damage.

The new and improved Reedsdale container was designed to deliver twenty perfect cigarettes to the package whenever and wherever you smoke them. Number twenty is as perfect as number one.

It is, to the best of our knowledge and belief, the one package that preserves both aroma and form. This is because the inner air-tight wrapping is enclosed in an outer box that is light and comfortable in the pocket, yet adequate to preserve the cigarettes in perfect shape.

Suppose you try your first package of Reedsdales just to get this 100% insurance feature, and then see if the connoisseur-blend of fine tobaccos does not prove an equally happy revelation to you.

Popularly Priced

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. The coupon below has been provided for your convenience.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Reed Tobacco Company
221 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

For the One Dollar enclosed please send me a carton of five packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes on the understanding that I may use one package and, if I do not like them, return the other four to you and you will refund the dollar to me.

Name.......................................
Address.......................................
My dealer's name is.......................................
Address.......................................

THE HORIZON

To that far line where Earth attains the skies
Adventure on—there waits your enterprise

ECONOMICS used to be called "the dismal science," and as commonly expounded it certainly was, and few people who were not obliged to do so could have been bribed to sit down and read anything about it—although economics was and is the science of hard times and prosperity, of costs and wages, of production and market, things that vitally concern every one of us from John D. Rockefeller down to Weary Willie. They're writing it better nowadays, however; for instance, Samuel Crowther, who can drive his pen to the very heart of an economic question so interestingly that you cannot help but follow him. In this issue he punctures the popular notion about our economic rôle in getting Europe back to business as usual, and shows why buying from European countries and taking our pay in money we have loaned them is bad and futile policy for us as well as for them.

* * *

THERE WAS ONCE a distinguished American scientist—a surgeon, an anatomist, and a naturalist—who had negrophobia so badly that when he thought about the negro all his scientific equipoise and devotion to truth got lost, and he made an exhibition of himself. He wrote a book to prove that negroes are a hopelessly inferior race, that the joints of their skulls close and harden in infancy, preventing full mental and moral development, etc., etc. If books can be said to froth at the mouth, his did it. The next time you run across anyone who feels as he did, tell that person about Laurence E. Jones of the Piney Woods Country Life School and what Jones is doing among the most benighted black folks in Mississippi. You'll find the facts in W. O. Saunders' article on Jones.

COLLIER'S having discussed industry's call to science to come and serve, an engineer tells us that his branch of science will come fast enough whenever industry will pay a fair wage for the service. He pointedly disputes Mr. Jewett of the Western Electric on this matter, but says he has never worked for that company, so his letter "is not a grudge. But it is written in the hope that you may see the light and add the weight of an editorial on the side of decent salaries for engineers, draftsmen, etc. —all the half-starved technical people."

Calling Science to a Pittance

To the Editor of Collier's:

On the assumption that your editorial "Calling Science to Service" was sincere, allow me to inform you that your viewpoint is not the best. Examples are better arguments than words.

Case 1. A town of 40,000 in central Pennsylvania has a good hotel, a really good one. They have a nice barber shop where six barbers are employed. The chief barber is paid a salary of $300 a month.

Case 2. A company in Pittsburgh bought an electric tool patent two years ago, and decided to employ a chief engineer to bring it as near perfection as possible. As they expected to manufacture nothing in future but this tool, and to dominate one particular field with it, the engineer selected would be permanently in charge of all their engineering.

"The Earth With a Fence Around It"

Their specifications were as follows: He must be a graduate of one of the leading technical universities, not less than thirty-eight years of age, and must have a record of successful work from the time of his graduation; he must have been a designer of electric tools and later at least an assistant engineer for a reputable firm making electric tools; he must have an irreproachable character; he must be able to handle men; he must be able to meet the executives of other plants, etc., etc.

The tool firm was willing to go as high as $250 a month in the matter of salary, though they thought the man they wanted should be had for less.

These two cases are not extremes, but are as nearly typical as my rather broad experience in such matters provides.

Why Engineers Give It Up

You are unfortunate in quoting Jewett of the Western Electric. Certain firms are notorious for the small salaries paid technicians in their employ. [Mr. Lose names firms including electrical equipment manufacturers, automobile manufacturers, cash register manufacturer, a manufacturer of aluminum, and "the U. S. Government."] These are some of the big ones. There are a host of smaller fry. What they desire is not what Jewett states, but rather men of the best type who will work for little or nothing.

This is the reason why I, a mechanical engineer and a good one, and many thousands like me, are looking for a way to quit the engineering profession.

HENRY JOHNSON LOSE,
Youngstown, Ohio.

In reply, Collier's asked Mr. Lose if the barber's salary and that offered the engineer were not both due to the law of supply and demand—since from common report there is an undersupply of good barbers these days, and an oversupply of graduate engineers. He answers:

If there is an oversupply of engineers, then your article quoting Jewett is in error in saying that he cannot get enough trained men. The fact is that there is no oversupply of capable technicians, nor any undersupply, so far as I can learn. Manufacturers cannot get enough men because they are willing to pay only starvation salaries, but can get all the men they want at a fair price.

There has never been a great oversupply of capable engineers, for a capable engineer is a man of more than average intelligence. But my contention is this, and it is Marxian, that a man should be paid in proportion to the value of his services; and engineers are not. Your "law of supply and demand" operates only by fits and starts, and is no true law because it can be perverted.

Wanted—A Moses

To the Editor of Collier's:

Georgia—of all the states, perhaps the one where the results of education would work the greatest benefit—has just dragged the state pride in the dust by upholding child slavery and refusing the Child Labor amendment.

Someone once said that all cruelty is merely ignorance. We will hope that the people who decided to enslave the children in this state did not know what they were doing, or did not realize that they were putting the state back fifty years and placing it in the little group of states that cannot be trusted in this child labor proposition. It seems to me sometimes that the almost incredible meanness of men who would prosper from the labor of broken children is worse than either the cruelty of it or the ghastly stupidity of it.

(Mrs.) FAITH BOYCE, Decatur, Ga.

This Week's Burning Question

To the Editor of Collier's:

Isn't it about time a new Capitol of the United States is built in South Dakota?

WILBUR COLBY MUNDT,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Hurrah for He-Words!

To the Editor of Collier's:

A letter-writer to your Horizon complains of your using the word "job." What else would you use in a man's magazine? I am very glad you used that word, for if you used "position" it would be a mollycoddle sort of thing, and would not be read by as many.

I agree with another letter-writer. Women's writing is the bunk. They give me a pain. But I suppose you must print something for the lady readers too. WILLIAM KEARNEY, Pittston, Pa.

The Pierian Spring

Despite the July drought, there seems to be a great crop of purists.

To the Editor of Collier's:

To us who are uneducated and try to pick up a little education by reading, it is a pleasure to read articles by such writers as Webb Waldron. His phrasing and punctuation make his stuff pleasing to read. However, I think I have caught him in one mistake. I don't believe a girl says, "Mr. Harkness is in the observatory," with a rising inflection on the last word, as indicated by Waldron's comma. Wouldn't a semicolon there be better?

And Collier's says, "A Boy That Was a Lot of Us." Wouldn't "A Boy *Who*" be better?

Anyway, it wouldn't do for all of us to be highly educated, because then all of us would want to be writers.

"AN IGNORANT LABORING MAN,"
Somewhere in Criticism.

This letter was anonymous. We don't believe its writer is either "ignorant" or uneducated, even though he is wrong on both points he raises.

Freeing 'Em Would Cost Money!

To the Editor of Collier's:

In your rather frenzied advocacy of the proposed Child Labor amendment you say, "Nobody but a bureaucrat loves bureaucracy." Yet with our government ready to topple over with bureaus, this proposal is the biggest and worst of all, adding a staggering number of officials and costing more money than the average reader can conceive of. One writer put it at ten hundred million a year, though it only calls for one hundred million to start with.

But the cost is not the matter I object to so much as the fact of another bureau. You say there are states that cannot be trusted with their children, and must be coerced, yet you call them "sovereign states." If they are sovereign, who is to coerce them? When the states created the general government they were sovereign and they mistrusted it and reserved certain rights—which you know about. Ever since that time there have been people like yourself working busily to take this sovereignty from the states and create a bureaucracy. How well they have succeeded is attested by the departments at Washington and the shameful condition of our country.

You contend that the amendment does not mean what it says; that Congress would never interpret it to mean that children should not work at home, etc. Then why didn't it say that way? It is plain and any child can understand it, that the child is not to work until it is eighteen years old, and as that is the formative period it is sure that as the child is brought up in idleness it will not depart from it.

But Congress will have power to enforce the law, and you think it ought to be enforced. That means that we are to have an additional army of spies and informers.

Civilization is progressing at aeroplane speed and the children are progressing with the procession. There is no use of getting excited about them. Their parents are their natural protectors and the municipal, county, and state authorities are rendering all the aid necessary. We don't need Federal supervision, nor any more "laws with teeth in 'em."

W. T. CALLANAN, Tuskaloosa, Ala.

Go tell it to the babies in the textile mills, shrimp canneries, and beet fields! Is this really the best that opponents of the children's amendment can do? As for expense, Mr. Callanan's writer is moderate. Any devout propagandist for continued enslavement of children would see his ten hundred million a year and raise him a billion or two.

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In the great low-priced field of motor transportation, comprising about 85% of all automobiles bought by the public, choice is confined to a few good lines of established merit but differing in price, engineering features, quality of construction and material, body lines, finish and equipment.

Individual requirements and judgment of quality and value determine the buyer's selection. Our policy is to produce motor cars that deliver reliable low-cost transportation but of exceptional quality and with full modern equipment.

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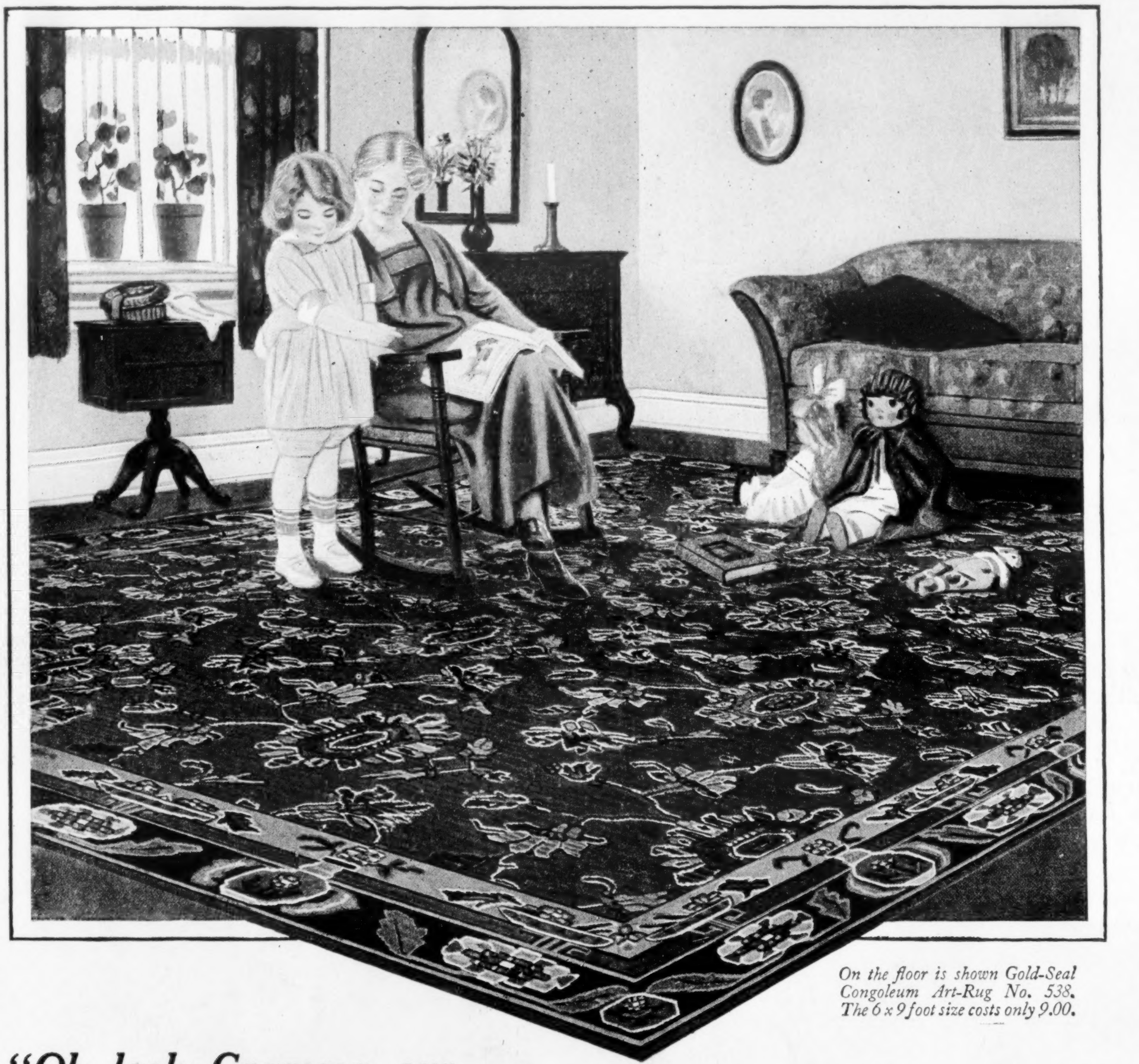

On the floor is shown Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 538. The 6 x 9 foot size costs only $9.00.

Always Look for this Gold Seal

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH
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"Oh, look, Gramma, our rug is just like the one in the picture!"

Yet it is impossible for even the best printing to reproduce the wealth of color, the delicacy of design and the real artistry of these modern rugs. Not until you actually see them can you have a true measure of their genuine beauty.

Patterns for Every Room

Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs are easily the most attractive and practical floor-coverings that money can buy. The wide range of patterns enables you to choose a suitable rug for any room.

Their easily and quickly cleaned surface means more leisure time to yourself. The fact that they are seamless, waterproof and mothproof further insures the long and satisfactory service for which they are famous.

A few moments with a damp mop and *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are spotlessly clean—the bright colors as fresh as new.

Their flat-lying qualities are a real joy—no fastenings of any kind are required yet there is never a turned up edge or corner.

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6 x 9 ft.	$ 9.00	Pattern No. 386 (shown at right) is made in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.	1½ x 3 ft.	$ .60
7½ x 9 ft.	11.25		3 x 3 ft.	1.40
9 x 9 ft.	13.50		3 x 4½ ft.	1.95
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9 x 12 ft.	18.00			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Every guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug carries the Gold Seal pledge of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." That pledge in itself proves that Congoleum Rugs have the quality to back such a promise. The Gold Seal shown above (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of the material. It is your protection against inferior substitutes. Don't fail to look for it when you buy.

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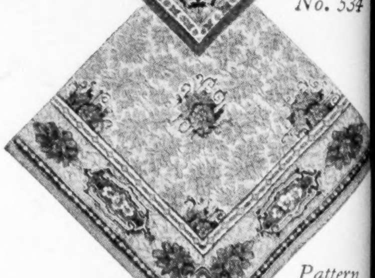
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

Pattern No. 534

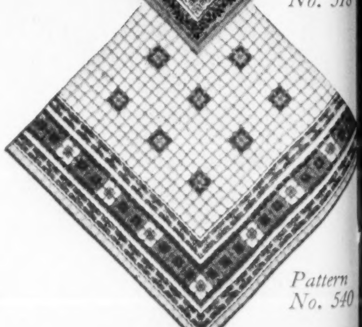


Pattern No. 396

Pattern No. 530

Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 518



Pattern No. 540